National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

THE PRO-SLAVERY PACK IN FULL CRY!

The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, Sweet-heart,
See! they bark at me.—*Shakspeare.*

From Bennett's Herald.

SEDITION AND DISUNION AT THE NORTH—WENDELL PHILLIPS AND HORACE GREELEY.

THE disunion orators and the organs of treason and sedition at the North, leagued together for a common object, continue to ply their vocation with impunity, and are still giving aid and comfort to the secession treason at the South. We recently adverted to a sketch of the speech of Wendell Phillips at Abington on the occasion of the anniversary of the emancipation of the negroes of the British West Indies. We have now received the full report in the Boston *Liberator*, and find it infinitely worse than the abridged version. It is preceded, too, by a speech from Garrison, and another from a Rev. Mr. Conway—the same man who tried to get up a revolution among the Germans in the West to supersede the authority of the President and make Fremont dictator, when Mr. Lincoln put down his foot and removed the Pathfinder from the command of the army in Missouri. . . . . Wendell Phillips, the coryphæus of the Abolition faction, delivered a speech which, in treason and sedition, has outstripped anything he has yet uttered. It seems as if this bold, bad man was waxing more audacious under the impunity he experiences. He threatens the President with deposition from the chair of the chief magistracy, and if Mr. Lincoln does not haul him up with a short turn, it is possible he may carry his threat into execution.

Such are the atrocious sentiments of the chief representative man of the Abolition party—its organ in common with *The Tribune*, *The Post* and *The Independent*. Surely, if any man can commit treason by words spoken or written, this is of the blackest hue, and if any man ought to have been arrested since the beginning of this war, Wendell Phillips is that man. There are two kinds of treason and two classes of traitors. The traitors South we are bringing immense armies into the field to put down, and expending vast sums of money in the enterprise; and yet, here at the North, there are traitors banded together to impede the progress of the Union arms by maligning and misrepresenting the government and ridiculing the chief Generals in the field, and by calling for a dissolution of the Union. The traitors of the North are completely in the power of the government, and it ought to strike at them boldly at once. The traitors of the South will never be overthrown while the traitors of the North are thus permitted to give them aid and comfort. The arch-traitor is Wendell Phillips, who confesses that for fifteen years he has been a disunionist. Why is he permitted to be at large? It is the faction that he leads which has been the cause of the rebellion. It first furnished the pretext to the secessionists to throw off the yoke, and now it does its utmost to encourage them and discourage the government and the army pouring out its blood for the Union. In the beginning of the war Greeley said the Union ought to be dissolved if the South desired it, and that the action of the secessionists was justified by the principles of the Revolution. Secession, therefore, is but the stem and the branches of the tree of treason. The root that first caused the upas to germinate, and has ever since given it vitality and support, is the revolutionary Abolition faction, which openly proclaims its determination to overthrow the Constitution as "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." Let the axe be laid to the root and the poison tree will fall.

Phillips and Conway talk in an open and frank manner, and Greeley in a sneaking, dastardly, insidious fashion characteristic of him. The poison is the same in both. Phillips and Conway administer it without adulteration: Greeley disguises it with admixtures to deceive his victims. All three ridicule and insult the President and his Cabinet and Generals. Last fall Greeley contended that the South, upon the principles of the Declaration of Independence, had a right to secede; and he published a song against the Union flag in which he called upon the people to pull it down "as a rag" and "a flaunting lie." He is now laboring day and night in the same direction. How long will the people have to complain that only the radical disunionists are exempt from the operation of the orders of the government, and that Abolitionists and niggers may say and do what they please with impunity?

Secretary Stanton has at last taken a step in the right direction. It will be seen from our official War Gazette, in another column, this morning, that the War Department has issued a special order instructing all United States Marshals and Chiefs and Superintendents of local police to arrest all persons who talk or write anything calculated to discourage enlistments. Now, Massa Greeley and *The Tribune* traitors will have to look out for themselves. Their time has come. Henceforth they must keep time to the music of the Union as it is, and drop the negro question like a hot potato, or they will be hauled up with a round turn, and spend the rest of their miserable lives in a government prison.

From The N. Y. Express.

We print a report of a speech made by C. L. Vallandigham of Dayton, Ohio. How is it that this man is permitted to speak anywhere except from behind the bars of a prison?—*Tribune*.

Because such journals as *The Tribune* are permitted daily to preach treason under the free air of heaven. Because the Chandlers in the Senate, the Lovejoys in the House, the Phillipses, Fosters and Pillsburys preach treason in New York, New England, at the West and at the Capital of the country. Mr. Vallandigham's mouth should be stopped by the government as soon as these aiders and abettors of treason have their mouths sealed, and not one day sooner. If Vallandigham's speech is correctly reported, it is so ultra and extreme as to be without excuse in times like these, but it is no worse than the Radical addresses and editorials daily made and written upon the other side. "A plague on both your houses!" It is for the very life of the government the war is waging, and for nobody's ism or creed.

From "Gordon Bennett" Prime's New York Observer.

This is a broad and far-reaching ORDER.* It strikes home upon the dearest human rights and compels every man to feel that he lives in the midst of WAR: when he must order his very words so that not even a police officer may suspect him of talking or writing what will give aid or comfort to the enemy.

We believe the order necessary and judicious. All we ask is that it may be faithfully and IMPARTIALLY enforced. Here the Administration has discovered more weakness than in any other spot: they have not put down the enemies of their policy, who have betrayed them in the guise of friends. The worst enemies of this government in the loyal States are the men who accuse others of sympathy with treason, while they themselves are seeking to undermine the confidence of the people in the Administration, and to destroy the constitutional form of government under which we live. Day after day, week after week, they assail the President, the Cabinet, the Generals, the whole conduct of the war; they retard enlistments; they dishearten the people; and thus most effectually give aid and comfort to the enemy. Why should one man be allowed to denounce the government with impunity, and not another? Why shall one editor be seized and dragged to prison for publishing that which discourages volunteer enlistments, while another, far more conspicuous, is permitted to warn the public that the management of the war is in incompetent hands, and, unless a better leader than the President is found, our cause is ruined?

If there is a spark of sincerity in the order we have copied above, and any force left in the hands of the Secretary of War, we believe that the tone of the radical press will undergo a change as sudden, if not so sincere, as that which Saul of Tarsus underwent when he fell from his horse on his way to Damascus.

*The order of the Secretary of War for the imprisonment of any persons "who may be engaged, by act, speech or writing, in discouraging volunteer enlistments, or in any way giving aid and comfort to the enemy, or in any other disloyal practice against the United States."

SHOULD DEFINE HIS POSITION.

From The N. Y. Times.

Wendell Phillips is stumping Massachusetts against the Administration. He objects to its method of carrying on the war, and denounces the President, the Cabinet, Gen. McClellan and everybody else connected with the government. He speaks of Gen. McClellan as no better than a "traitor." Now we should like to know what Mr. Phillips means by "treason." A year or two ago, in a public lecture at Brooklyn, he declared that he was not an American citizen—that he had never taken the oath of allegiance to the Constitution—that he never voted or took any part in public affairs, and that he never *would* do so, as long as the Constitution tolerated the existence of slavery.

We should like to know whether Mr. Phillips has changed his views on this subject or not. Has he *yet* taken the oath of allegiance? Is he *now* willing to acknowledge himself an American citizen, and to assume the responsibilities and perform the duties that citizenship involves? Does he *now* recognize the supremacy of the Constitution? If not, what does he mean by denouncing McClellan as no better than a "traitor"? Traitor to what? To the Constitution? Yet he himself is in the same predicament. He has taken no oath of allegiance to it. He will not agree to support it. He holds substantially the same relations to the Constitution and the Union as Jeff. Davis—that is, unless he has changed his ground since his Brooklyn lecture.

We suggest the propriety of calling on Wendell Phillips to take the oath of allegiance. If he assumes to lecture the Administration, to denounce the government, and to sit in judgment on the Generals of the army in the field, we ought to know at least the ground which he occupies and the point of view from which he criticises their conduct. If he does it as a loyal citizen—sworn to support the Constitution and the Union—that is very well. But if he persists in boasting, as he has done hitherto, that he is *not* a citizen—that he owes no allegiance to the Constitution, and that he regards the Union as an accursed league for the support of slavery, then his denunciations are simply those of an outsider and an enemy, and we do not see how it will be easy to draw a line of distinction between *his* hostility to the government and that of any other rebel. Let him take the oath of allegiance.

From the same.

WHAT IS TREASON?—*The Tribune* of yesterday, had a severe reproof of Hon. C. L. Vallandigham for a speech recently delivered in Ohio, the tone of which is hostile to the purposes and conduct of the war. And *The Tribune* pertinently asks, "Are they (men uttering such sentiments) never to be taken care of? How is it that this man is permitted to speak anywhere except from behind the bars of a prison?"

The Tribune is a wakeful sentinel on the watch-tower of freedom, we all admit; and its vigilance is highly commendable. But will it please tell us whether Vallandigham should be condemned to solitary confinement, or whether, in its opinion, Wendell Phillips, who is proclaiming in the North for the overthrow of this Republic, and "the laying of the corner-stone of a new one," is a fit subject to keep Vallandigham company "behind the bars of a prison." *The Tribune* claims to be bold, candid and consistent, and we cannot doubt it will consider the late speech of Phillips and answer. As *we* have not advised putting either man in jail, our own opinion in the premises is reserved.

From The N. Y. World.

Gen. Wadsworth, a day or two ago, arrested the editor of a twopenny paper in Harrisburg which merely printed a bogus placard stating that Gen. Lane was in town and would speak, and raise two colored regiments. Wendell Phillips devoted his whole speech at Framingham, the other day, to discouraging enlistments. Nothing was too reckless for his ribald tongue to utter, and the climax was that all our blood and treasure is wasted, and that it was better for the South to go than to lose another life. Secretary Stanton's order is just and timely. It should be applied fearlessly.

WENDELL PHILLIPS AN HONEST DISUNIONIST AGAIN.

From The Springfield Republican.

Wendell Phillips made one of his most insane speeches at Abington on the 1st. He called in the name of God for the dissolution of this Union, and the laying of the corner-stone of a new one; called President Lincoln a turtle and various other opprobrious names; abused pretty much all our Generals; made the false and silly assertion that "the government fights to preserve slavery, and therefore fights in vain"; declared that "no public opinion will support Charles Sumner," which is true enough—"though a loyal Commonwealth stands behind him," which is not true in either sense, for the Commonwealth does not back him in his peculiar opinions and measures, while in the matter of loyalty and its sensible and effective exhibition, the Commonwealth is an age ahead of him. Mr. Phillips considers the war, as at present conducted, as "without a reasonable object and a total loss of blood and treasure." Smart rhetoric is an entertaining thing, and Mr. Phillips's pungent sentences were received with delight by the old ladies and non-resistant men at Abington grove, but no man who talks as Mr. Phillips does should make any claims to respect as a loyal man. It is a very strange style of loyalty that calls for the destruction of this Union in the name of God. Mr. Phillips is loyal only to the single idea of Abolition, and has no regard for Constitution or laws, except as means to that end. It is at least creditable in him, that he has now openly abandoned the patriotic dodge, which he managed but awkwardly, and has returned to his old cry of down with the Union.

NEGRO BRIGADES THROUGH A NEEDLE'S EYE.

From The N. Y. Times.

GOV. ANDREW, in the instructions which he has issued for the enrollment of the militia of Massachusetts, preparatory to drafting, commands that "*all* (italics his) citizens, white or colored, who, at the date of the order, were between the ages of eighteen and forty-five," shall be included. We must say this strikes us as a bit of very artful dodging. The Order of the War Department furnishing the Governors with regulations for drafting, and in obedience to which order Gov. Andrew issues his instructions, provides that the enrollment shall embrace "all able-bodied *citizens*," etc., without any qualification of white or black, and this for the simple reason that blacks are *not* citizens of the United States. They *may*, however, be citizens of the individual States (they are so in Massachusetts), and hence, to avoid all ambiguity, the law on the national statute-book concerning drafting expressly limits it to "able-bodied *white* male citizens." We observe, however, that, by a clerical error in the late order of instructions to the Governors, the adjective "white" is omitted.

At this needle's eye Gov. Andrew eagerly rushes, and attempts to drag through, not a camel, merely, but a black elephant of enormous proportions. Horne Tooke, who was indicted for treason to the British Crown last century, used wittily to claim that he was the victim of "two prepositions and a conjunction." Andrew would make the government the victim of a single adjective, or, we should rather say, the *lacuna* of an adjective.

We fail to see either the wisdom or the patriotism of this proceeding. The question of the employment of the blacks in a military capacity is one for the National government to decide. The decision will be controlled by enlarged considerations of public policy, and by nothing else. It is not a matter, touching which the Governor of a State can foist on the nation his individual notions, much less, when, to do it, he has to resort to the tricks of the pettifogger.

Selections.

THE SLAVE-CATCHING BUSINESS IN NEW ORLEANS.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

NEW ORLEANS, July 27, 1862.

THE abominations of the slave system are constantly presented to our observation. Every day fugitives arrive from far and near, and seek admission within our lines. Most of these are, of course, rejected. We have neither food nor employment for them. Without exception, they all bear testimony to one fact, that the slaves are on very short allowance of food, and that they are overworked and otherwise cruelly treated. Many of them bear the marks of brutal whippings, their backs and limbs lacerated and scarred, or still bleeding. Some of them have heavy iron collars, with long prongs, on their necks. Others have handcuffs on. One old man came in, a few Sabbaths since, with a heavy iron weight and chain on his leg. A boy of about 16 arrived a few evenings since, with an iron chain connecting his neck and ankle. This morning I got a blacksmith to strike off two iron fetters from the ankles of a slave who had just come in. The ugly shackles now hang up over my writing desk, with the iron handcuffs which he had succeeded in getting off from his wrists.

Few, however, of these runaways are so fortunate as to be retained within our lines. In fact, very few of them reach us at all. Policemen, appointed, or confirmed in previous appointments, by the United States military authorities, swarm in the streets, and pounce upon the black victim before he has an opportunity to tell his tale of distress. Our daily papers abound with advertisements of rewards offered for the apprehension of runaways, and the police drive a very flourishing business as slave-catchers. Is not this a shame, that the agents and employees of the Great Republic should be engaged constantly in the business of slave-hounds? But this is not all.

The jails are filled with runaway negroes, whose only crime is that they have tried to get their freedom by coming to the Yankees. Keepers of these jails are, some of them, bitter secessionists, as those Union soldiers are made to feel who are so unfortunate as to get committed to prison. The same prison-keepers, as when our captive Union soldiers were months ago incarcerated here, retain their office by permission of the Union authorities. One of the most prominent jailors advertises in one of our dailies—the only Union paper here—that he will whip slaves as heretofore, in accordance with the law of Louisiana, and by permission of proper authorities! So, if any master or mistress wants a slave whipped, yonder is the licensed flogger, and it is only necessary to take the slave there, or send him or her with a note specifying the number of lashes to be laid on! No questions are asked, but the public whipper applies the slave-whip to the naked body, and all according to law!

I said we were obliged to reject the negroes that come here. It often seems cruel and costs bitter pangs to turn over to the mercies of the New Orleans police and the brutal jailor the scarred, worn, hungry fugitive, who has made his way for scores of miles to our quarters in hope of liberty, and who is able and anxious to do manful service in fighting for the Union. Usually within a few hours after the arrival of the black Union fugitive comes the white rebel overseer or master. He pays the official, badge-wearing Iscariot, who performs the bloodhound's task, and the slave is hurried back to the tender mercies of the plantation slave-pen, the stocks, the savage raw-hide, the pistol of the traitor master, where *no law* now prevails or is executed but the rebel owner's despotic and irresponsible will! The old man who came here some three or four Sundays since with the iron weight and chain attached to his leg is reported, on pretty good authority, to have been killed by his master, soon after having been turned out of our quarters.

Does the United States want recruits? It can have them by the thousand in this city at twenty-four hours' notice. Let the word go out that every able-bodied man of any color will be received as a soldier, and I verily believe a regiment of excellent recruits could be raised in three hours. Tough, strong, acclimated, accustomed to scanty clothing and fare, they would also possess a stimulus to exertion which the white soldier does not. I mean the hope of liberty, which in all ages has been the chief inspiration of the brave in their most heroic struggles. Add to this still another motive, which the white soldier has not, the knowledge that if defeated and captured horrible scourging and barbarities will be inflicted on them by their masters. I believe that under such impulses the black soldiers, half of whom have white blood in them, would fight desperately. Many of them are of gigantic size. Many years of oppression and wrong rankle in their memories and goad them on. Try them.

Louisiana would furnish ten regiments of hardy recruits in as many weeks if Gen. Butler would call for them. Why, the rebels had regiments of blacks partly drilled in this city. One regiment was armed, and pikes of three or four different kinds and rough "negro swords" were being manufactured for the others. There need be no decree of emancipation of the slaves of rebels; but let the commanding General invite all able-bodied men, of whatever complexion, to enlist, with a promise of protection, pay, food, and clothing. From the innumerable applicants there could be selected a body of soldiers that could be made, by drilling, superior, physically, to any corps in the world. As a Union slaveholder, who stands all alone nearly in this city, remarked to a Lieutenant here last evening: "They say the slaves won't fight; but you give them a chance and you'll find they'll make splendid soldiers."

Nothing would so paralyze the rebellion as the sudden withdrawal of the able-bodied slaves from every rebel plantation and family. Everywhere within a score of miles of any body of our troops there would be this stampede. Everywhere terror and insecurity would paralyze the operations of Southern men and Southern armies. They would require at least one able-bodied white man to watch every two or three blacks. The labor that feeds, clothes, supports and makes comfortable the Southern armies would be withdrawn from them, and be given to our Union armies. Let us have these stout, enduring sons of toil, to dig, wash, carry, serve and fight. Why not?

We need not fear that the enfranchised slaves would commit excesses. They would be subject to military discipline. Any guerilla warfare, any "fighting on their own hook," would be sternly suppressed by our commanders. San Domingo insurrections and massacres are indeed to be feared, but not from the policy which is here proposed. In our armies, under our officers, the blacks would be completely subject to our control. But if the contrary policy is to continue, if slaves are to be half starved and treated with unusual severity, as they now are, in consequence of the proximity of Northern armies and the rigors of an ever-tightening blockade, we may well look for savage insurrection and slaughter.

God grant that President Lincoln, before it is too late, may strike this monster of secession in this vital part, and save the effusion of rivers of blood; at once preventing slave insurrections and crushing rebellion.

NEW CUSTOM-HOUSE, July 28, 1862.

P. S.—At about $7\frac{1}{4}$ o'clock this a.m., I was requested by several persons, among others Capt. H. L. Bidwell, to go to the door of the Custom-House, on Canal street, and see a black woman whose master was trying to get her away from our lines. I was told her master was a rebel, and the builder of the famous iron gunboat "Manassas," and that the woman had been ordered by her mistress, in the following language: "You put out and go to old Butler. I can get white servants enough." Coming to the woman, who was seated near the front entrance, surrounded by a crowd of persons, white and black, I heard one of the white men asking her whether she had rather go to prison or back to her master. She was sitting with a child of a few months of age in her arms, and crying. She made no reply. I asked which the master was. He was pointed out to me. His name is John Stephenson, and he lives in Carondolet street. I asked him if he was the builder of the "boat." He said "Yes." The following conversation, substantially, ensued:

"Have you taken the oath of allegiance?"

"No."

"You had better take it before you undertake to get this woman back."

"Perhaps I shall take it, and perhaps not."

"You have no right to take this woman by force."

"I don't propose to take her by force."

"If she wants to go, she of course can go; but you have no right to use force or violence, or to disturb the peace."

"I am not going to use force. I wish to take her peaceably home, or to jail."

"She is a Unionist. You are an avowed rebel. She has fully as much right to use force on you as you on her. She has just as much right to take you to jail as you to take her, for all I can see."

"That's new law."

"That's military law. You must not break the peace nor make any disturbance within the United States lines. Be very careful, sir, how you conduct yourself within our lines."

"I have not come within your lines."

"This city is within our lines. You had better take the oath of allegiance. What right have you, a rebel, to seize a Union woman and carry her off?"

"I have a right, according to law, to take my slave."

"You are the builder of a rebel gunboat, and you have not yet taken the oath of allegiance. You had better 'skedaddle.'"

"It was not a rebel boat. It was a private boat."

"A private boat! What did you build your private boat for?"

"I built it to defend this river and city."

"To defend this river and city against whom? Against the United States?"

"Yes, sir, against the United States."

"This city and river—property which the United States bought and paid for. You are what I call a rebel, and your boat was a rebel boat."

"I don't wish to enter into that question. I only want my slave, according to law."

"You must not use the slightest force or violence. No one has a right to use force or violence to remove her but the United States authorities. She has just as much right here as you. It's rather cool in you, the builder of a rebel gunboat to keep the United States forces out of this city, to come here after her, refusing to take the oath of allegiance. It's not according to our law to deliver her up to you."

"Your law! I should like to know if *you* made that law?"

"Yes, sir; we made that law. This city is under martial law. You must not molest this woman here without permission from the United States authorities. She has a right to stay here until they remove her."

Quite a large crowd of blacks and whites having collected, I ordered them to disperse, which they did.

The woman told me her name was Lydia; that her mistress had repeatedly ordered her to "put off and go to old Butler," and she at last took her at her word; that her mistress was accustomed to "damn" Gen. Butler, using a good deal of profane language, and to say, "I should like to smack his damned old face" (meaning not to *kiss*, but strike him), etc.; that she has been called a first-rate housekeeper, washer and ironer, and is ready to do anything, and "work her fingers off," if she can only be saved from going back to her mistress; that her master treats her much better than her mistress, who frequently beats her with her fists and hands, etc.

The woman remains now (8 o'clock, a.m.) in front of the Custom-House. Says she wants to see Gen. Butler. *

P. S. 2.—*July* 29, 3 *p.m.*—The contraband "Lydia" has just been turned away from the Custom-House, and will probably be lodged in jail and whipped as a runaway before night. Pray, how long shall these odious State laws be allowed to override justice, and that too in the very presence of martial law, and in the midst of our New England armies? *

From The Independent.

We have received some interesting private letters from New Orleans, not suitable for publication, narrating many incidents of the emancipation of slaves by the military authorities, but also many counter incidents of the return of the fugitives to their owners. Some of the owners take the oath of loyalty, while others are not asked to take the oath, and are strongly suspected of being rebels. Gen. Butler is not thoroughly and heartily for freedom; but Gen. Phelps, his second in command, is a true friend of the oppressed, and seeks in every case to do justice to the slave.

A correspondent says: "I could tell you of women cruelly beaten, who, failing to rescue their children, came without them, for protection; of a girl with a gashed arm, who had been brutally kicked by a negro at the bidding of her master; of a woman who came with an iron yoke about her neck, with head-pieces to fit close to the side of the head; of a young mother who, with a babe of lighter complexion, was marched off from before our lines between two men."

Will it sound well in Massachusetts ears, in view of such facts as these, to learn that Gen. Butler is eloquently commended in *The Picayune* for his readiness to return fugitive slaves? His conduct is creating disaffection in some of the regiments. We are informed of some indignant protests from New England soldiers, who say—"We did not enlist for slave-catching."

A young man nearly white—an octoroon—applied for a musket to serve in the ranks. He came near being enlisted, but was refused as soon as it was known that his veins had a dash of the tainted blood. His father, an elegant gentleman of the city, and now an officer in the rebel army, who always treated the son cruelly, will thus be saved from a musket which was meant to be pointed with deadly aim at his head.

A NEGRO OUTBREAK.

From The New Orleans Bee, Aug. 5.

About $1\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock yesterday morning the Third District was the scene of one of the most desperate negro affairs which this city has yet witnessed. Shortly before that hour, the police of that District discovered coming along the levee a large band of negroes, evidently runaways, and determined to carry out their schemes at all hazards and costs. They were armed with all sorts of weapons which plantations afford, from cane bill-hooks to clubs.

When they reached about Montegut street, the police ordered them to halt, and proceeded to endeavor to arrest them. Instead of surrendering themselves, however, they immediately attacked the police in the most ferocious manner. The officers immediately called for further assistance, and were speedily reënforced, almost to the whole strength on duty in the District; but so furious were the negroes that they were in danger of being completely overcome. Their clubs and pistols were freely used, but so numerous was the gang of negroes that they were not equal to the task which had fallen on them. By this time the whole neighborhood was in a state of terrible excitement, and assistance from other quarters being absolutely necessary to save the police, a detachment of military from adjacent quarters hastened to the spot and lent their aid. It did not take long after this to convince the negroes that they were overpowered, for three of them were soon killed, a number desperately wounded, and the mass of them scattered, some running in one direction, some in another, some jumping into the river and swimming off, and so forth.

The total number of the band, it would seem, was something like a hundred and fifty; but they were not all together at the time of the police accosting them. They had run off last night from plantations down the coast. From one, that of Thomas Morgan, Esq., some thirty have run off, thirteen of whom are now in the Parish Prison, nine in the Charity Hospital and one killed. The affair has created great excitement throughout the city, especially in the lower districts; but this is nothing in comparison to what exists in the country below. Apprehensions of the gravest character are felt on all the plantations, and measures for protection against the dreaded evils are being most anxiously canvassed.

Correspondence of The New York Herald.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 5, 1862.

* * * Yesterday morning, we had a little skirmish with some armed negroes who were seeking their freedom. They came from the plantations of Messrs. Morgan and Walker, about thirty miles down the coast. They arrived in the city at four in the morning, and, as they were marching up the levee, when near the French market, they were ordered by four policemen to halt, and on refusing to do so the policemen attempted to arrest them and called for aid. A number of other policemen soon arrived, and immediately a serious fight ensued, the negroes being armed with sugar-cane knives. *They were getting the best of the policemen, when four soldiers of the Twelfth Maine Regiment came to their aid, when, after a struggle, in which the negroes fought desperately,* the police and soldiers were victorious.

One negro was killed, nine wounded, and six taken prisoners. Five of the police were pretty badly wounded. *The negroes said they were armed only to resist any attempt on the road to return them to slavery.*

There can be no question but that the policemen did their duty in arresting any band of armed men, whether black or white; but *if custom had not made it a law in this State for a planter to pay twenty-five dollars for every runaway negro arrested by a policeman*, I doubt if they would have been so zealous in performing their duty.

COMMENT BY THE TRIBUNE.

The above, it will be perceived, is from no "fanatic," no "Abolition" source, but is quoted literally and thoroughly from that eminent organ of Conservatism and champion of "the Union as it was"—the N. Y. *Herald*. Let us consider it:

These negroes were manifestly slaves to rebels, as all the sugar-planters of Louisiana are, and left them expecting to find freedom and protection under the Union flag in New Orleans. They found instead hostility and murder.

More than three weeks previously, Congress had passed, and on the 17th of July the President had signed, an Act containing these provisions:

SEC. 9. *And be it further enacted*, That all slaves of persons who shall hereafter be engaged in rebellion against the government of the United States, or who shall in any way give aid and comfort thereto, escaping from such persons, and taking refuge within the lines of the army; and all slaves captured from such persons, or deserted by them and coming under the control of the government of the United States; and all slaves of such persons found or being within any place occupied by rebel forces, and afterward occupied by the forces of the United States, shall be deemed captives of war, and shall be forever free of their servitude, and not again held as slaves.

—This is the law of the land, and was so more than three weeks prior to these New Orleans murders. The former owners of those slaves had forfeited their claim to them by treason. The slaves had left them to take refuge within the lines of our armies, as they were by law encouraged and invited to do. In doing so, they were set upon by the notoriously disloyal police of New Orleans, intent on making $25 per head out of the fugitives by capturing and returning them to their masters. The negroes resisted, as they had a perfect right to do, and would have beaten off the kidnappers if the latter had not been aided by a band of Union soldiers. By the help of these, paid with the money, armed with the muskets and bayonets, of the American people, those freedmen were butchered back into unlawful bondage, or into their graves.

Had President Lincoln issued a proclamation upon the passage of the Confiscation Act, setting forth the provisions and requirements of that Act, and directing all his military, naval, and civil subordinates to render strict obedience thereto, it is not possible that the tidings would not have reached New Orleans in season to avert this deplorable atrocity. Until such proclamation is made, we apprehend that similar outrages will be perpetrated in various localities. It is the right of commanders to be officially apprised of such new Acts of Congress as materially affect them in the discharge of their duty. That duty should be made so plain that none can mistake or evade it. Men and brethren! do you want any more such slaughters of the innocent as this at New Orleans? There is one and but one way to prevent them wholly. Its adoption rests with the President.

SHALL THE BLACK UNIONISTS OF THE SOUTH BE PERMITTED TO FIGHT?

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN BRIGADIER-GENERAL PHELPS AND MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
NEW ORLEANS, August 2, 1862.

Hon. EDWIN M. STANTON, *Secretary of War.*

SIR: I beg leave to enclose to you copies of orders and correspondence with Gen. Phelps upon the subject of arming and equipping the negroes.

Gen. Phelps, without orders and without my knowledge, has organized five companies of negroes, and the first official information I had of his doings in that behalf was a requisition for arms and equipments for them.

It becomes more necessary, in my judgment, to employ them differently, and I thought by the means I could find employment for all, and not raise the question offensively between Gen. Phelps and myself, until it was settled at Washington, and, therefore, sent the order to employ the negroes without sending an answer to his requisition. But his letter of resignation has left me no choice but to insist that my order should be obeyed.

I submit the whole matter to the Department. I need not discuss it. Gen. Shepley, who has been with you, can do it much better than I can. Mr. Roselius, whom I have sent by the Connecticut, can tell you much more fully than it were possible to do in a dispatch what has been the effect of the course of Gen. Phelps.

An insurrection broke out amongst the negroes a few miles up the river, which caused the women of that neighborhood to apply to an armed boat belonging to us, passing down, for aid, and the incipient revolt was stopped by informing the negroes that we should repel an attack by them upon the women and children.

All is for the determination of the Department, to which I shall give the fullest obedience. I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

BENJ. F. BUTLER, Major-General Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
NEW ORLEANS, July 30, 1862.

Capt. R. S. DAVIS, *A. A. A. General.*

SIR: I enclose herewith requisitions for arms, accoutrements, clothing, camp and garrison equigage, etc., for three regiments of Africans, which I propose to raise for the defence of this point. The location is swampy and unhealthy, and our men are dying at the rate of two or three a day. The Southern loyalists are willing, as I understand, to furnish their share of the tax for the support of the war; but they should also furnish their quota of men, which they have not thus far done. An opportunity now offers of supplying the deficiency, and it is not safe to neglect opportunities in war. I think that, with the proper facilities, I could raise the three regiments proposed in a short time, without holding out any inducements or offering any reward. I have now upwards of three hundred Africans, organized into five companies, who are all willing and ready to show their devotion to our cause in any way that it may be put to the test. They are willing to submit to anything rather than to slavery.

Society in the South seems to be on the point of dissolution, and the best way of preventing the African from becoming instrumental in a general state of anarchy is to enlist him in the cause of the Republic. If we neglect his services, any petty military chieftain, by offering him freedom, can have them for the purpose of robbery and plunder. It is for the interests of the South as well as for the North that the African should be permitted to offer his block for the temple of freedom. Sentiments unworthy of the man of the present day, worthy only of another Cain, could prevent such an offer from being accepted. I would recommend that the cadet graduates of the present year should be sent to South Carolina and this point to organize and discipline our African levies, and that the more promising non-commissioned officers and privates of the army be appointed as company officers to command them. Prompt and energetic efforts in this direction would probably accomplish more towards a speedy termination of the war and an early restoration of peace and amity, than any other course which could be adopted.

I have the honor to remain, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. W. PHELPS, Brigadier-General.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
NEW ORLEANS, July 31, 1862.

GENERAL: The General Commanding wishes you to employ the contrabands in and about your camp in cutting down all the trees, etc., between your lines and the lake, and in forming abattis according to the plan agreed upon between you and Lieut. Weitzel when he visited you some time since. What wood is not used by you is much needed in this city. For this purpose I have ordered the Quartermaster to furnish you with axes and tents for the contrabands to be quartered in.

By order of Major-General BUTLER.
R. S. DAVIS, Captain and A. A. A. G.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
NEW ORLEANS, July 31, 1862.

Captain R. S. DAVIS, *Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.*

SIR: The communication from your office of this date, signed "By order, Maj.-Gen. Butler," directing me to employ the contrabands in and about my camp in cutting down all the trees between my lines and the lake, etc., has just been received. In reply, I must state that while I am willing to prepare African regiments for the defence of the government against its assailants, I am not willing to become the mere slave-driver which you propose, having no qualifications in that way. I am, therefore, under the necessity of tendering the resignation of my commission as an officer of the army of the United States, and respectfully request a leave of absence until it is accepted, in accordance with paragraph 29, page 12 of the General Regulations. While I am writing, at half past eight o'clock p. m., a colored man is brought in by one of the pickets, who has just been wounded in the side by a charge of shot which, he says, was fired at him by one of a party of three hare hunters or guerillas a mile or more from our line of sentinels. As it is some distance from the camp to the lake, the party of wood choppers which you have directed will probably need a considerable force to guard them against similar attacks.

J. W. PHELPS, Brigadier-General.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
NEW ORLEANS, August 2, 1862.

GENERAL: By the act of Congress, as I understand it, the President of the United States alone has the authority to employ Africans in arms as a part of the military forces of the United States.

Every law up to this time, raising volunteer or militia forces, has been opposed to their employment. The President has not as yet indicated his purpose to employ the Africans in arms.

The arms, clothing and camp equipage which I have here for the Louisiana Volunteers are, by the letter of the Secretary of War, expressly limited to white soldiers; so that I have no authority to direct them, however much I may desire so to do.

I do not think you are empowered to organize into companies negroes, and drill them as a military organization, as I am unexpectedly informed you have done. I cannot sanction this course of action as at present advised, especially when we have need of the services of the blacks who are being sheltered upon the outskirts of your camp, as you will see by the orders for their employment sent you by the Assistant Adjutant-General.

I will send your application to the President; but, in the meantime, you must desist from the formation of any negro military organization.

BENJ. F. BUTLER, Major-General Commanding.

Brig.-Gen. PHELPS, Commanding forces at Camp Parapet.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
NEW ORLEANS, August 2, 1862.

GENERAL: I was somewhat surprised to receive your resignation for the reason stated.

When you were put in command at Camp Parapet I sent Lieut. Weitzel, my Chief-Engineer, to make a reconnoissance of the lines of Carrolton, and I understand that it was agreed between you and the Engineer that a removal of the wood between Lake Pontchartrain and the right of your entrenchments was a necessary military precaution.

The work could not be done at that time because of the stage of the water and the want of men. But now both water and men concur. You have five hundred Africans organized into companies. You write me this work they are fitted to do. It must either be done by them or my soldiers, now drilled and disciplined. You have said the location is unhealthy to the soldiers—it is not to the negro. Is it not best that these unemployed Africans should do this labor? My attention is especially called to this matter at the present time, because there are reports of demonstrations, to be made on your lines by the rebels; and, in my judgment, it is a matter of necessary precaution thus to clear the right of your line, so that you can receive the proper aid from the gunboats on the lake, besides preventing the enemy from having cover. To do this the negroes ought to be employed, and in so employing them I see no evidence of slave-driving or employing you as a slave-driver.

The soldiers of the army of the Potomac did this very thing last summer, in front of Arlington Heights. Are the negroes any better than they? Because of an order to do this necessary thing, to protect your front, threatened by the enemy, you tender your resignation and ask immediate leave of absence. I assure you I did not expect this, either from your courage, your patriotism or your good sense. To resign in face of an enemy has not been the highest plaudit to a soldier, especially when the reason assigned is that he is ordered to do that which a recent act of Congress has specially authorized a commander to do—*i. e.*, employ the African to do the necessary work about a camp or upon a fortification. General, your resignation will not be accepted by me; leave of absence will not be granted, and you will see to it, that my orders, thus necessary for the defence of the city, are faithfully and diligently executed, upon the responsibility that a soldier in the field owes to his superior. I will see that all proper requisitions for the food, shelter and clothing of these negroes at work are at once filled by the proper department. You will also send out a proper guard to protect the laborers against the guerilla force, if any there may be in the neighborhood.

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, Major-General Commanding.

CAMP PARAPET, La., August 2, 1862.

Maj.-Gen. B. F. BUTLER, *Commanding the Department of the Gulf.*

SIR: Two communications from you of this date have this moment been received. One of them refers to the raising of volunteer or militia forces, stating that I "must desist from the formation of any negro military organizations"; and the other declaring, in a spirit contrary to all usage of military service, and to all the rights and liberties of a citizen of a free government, that my resignation will not be accepted by you; that a leave of absence until its acceptance by the President will not be granted me, and that I must see to it that your orders—which I could not obey without becoming a slave myself—are "faithfully and diligently executed."

It can be of little consequence to me as to what kind of slavery I am to be subjected, whether to African slavery or to that which you thus so offensively propose for me, giving me an order wholly opposed to my convictions of right, as well as of the higher scale of public necessities in the case, and insisting upon my complying with it faithfully and diligently, allowing me no room to escape with my convictions or my principles, at any sacrifice that I may make. I cannot submit to either kind of slavery, and cannot, therefore, for a double reason, comply with your order of the 31st of July, in complying with which I should submit to both kinds—both to African slavery and to that to which you resort in its defence.

Desirous to the last of saving the public interests involved, I appeal to your sense of justice to reconsider your decision, and make the most to the cause out of the sacrifice which I offer, by granting the quiet, proper and customary action upon my resignation.

By refusing my request you would subject me to great inconvenience, without, as far as I can see, any advantage either to yourself or to the service. With the view of securing myself a tardy justice in the case, being remote from the Capital, when the transmission of the mails is remarkably irregular and uncertain, and in order to give you every assurance that my resignation is tendered in strict compliance with paragraph twenty-nine of the regulations to be "unconditional and immediate," I herewith enclose a copy for the Adjutant-General of the army, which I desire may be forwarded to him, to be laid before the President, for as early action in the case as his Excellency may be pleased to accord; and as my position, sufficiently unpleasant already, promises to become much more so still by the course of action which I am sorry to find that you deem it proper to pursue, I urgently request his Excellency, by a speedy acceptance of my commission, to liberate me from that sense of suffocation—from that darkling sense of bondage and enthralment which, it appears to me, like the snake around the muscles and sinews of Laocoon, is entangling and deadening the energies of the government and country, when a decisive act might cut the evils and liberate us from their baneful and fascinating influence forever. In conclusion of this communication, and I should also hope of my services in this department, I deem it my duty to state, lest it might not otherwise come to your notice, that several parties of the free colored men of New Orleans have recently come to consult me on the propriety of raising one or two regiments of volunteers from their class of the population for the defence of the government and good order, and that I have recommended them to propose the measure to you, having no power to act upon it myself. I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. W. PHELPS, Brigadier-General.

MONDAY, August 4, 1862.

P. S.—The negroes increase rapidly. There are doubtless now six hundred able-bodied men in camp. These, added to those who are suffering uselessly in

the prisons and jails of New Orleans and vicinity, and feeding from the general stock of provisions, would make a good regiment of one thousand men, who might contribute as much to the preservation of law and good order as a regiment of Caucasians, and probably much more. Now a mere burden, they might become a beneficial element of governmental power.
J. W. P.

Camp Parapet, La., August 2, 1862.

Gen. Lorenzo Thomas, Adjutant-General, Washington, D. C.

Sir: Finding it impossible to serve in this Department without doing violence to my convictions of right and public necessity, I respectfully tender you the resignation of my commission as an officer of the army of the United States, and request as early an acknowledgment of its acceptance as conveniently possible. I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. W. Phelps, Brigadier-General.

Headquarters, Department of the Gulf, New Orleans, August 5, 1862.

General: Your communication of to-day has been received. I had forwarded your resignation on the day it was received to the President of the United States, so that there will be no occasion of forwarding a duplicate. General, not at liberty to accept your resignation, I cannot, consistently with my duty and the orders of the War Department, grant you a leave of absence till it is accepted by the President, for want of officers to supply your place. I see nothing unusual, nor do I intend anything so, in the refusal to accept the resignation of an officer where his place cannot be at the present moment supplied. I pray you to understand that there was nothing intended to be offensive to you either in the matter or manner of my communication in directing you to cease military organization of the negroes. I do but carry out the law of Congress, as I understand it, and in doing which I have no choice. I can see neither African nor other slavery in the commander of the post clearing from the front of his line, by means of able bodied men under his control, the trees and underbrush which would afford cover and shelter to his enemies in case of attack, especially when the very measure, as a precautionary one, was advised by yourself; and while, in deference to your age and experience as a soldier, and the appreciation I have of your many good qualities of heart, I have withdrawn and do withdraw anything you may find offensive in my communication, still, I must request a categorical answer to this question: Will you or will you not employ a proper portion of the negroes in cutting down the trees which afford cover to the enemy in front and right of yonr line? I pray yon to observe that, if there is anything of wrong in this order, that wrong is mine, for you have sufficiently protested against it. You are not responsible for it more than the hand that executes it. It can offend neither your political nor moral sense. With sentiments of the utmost kindness and respect, I am your obedient servant,
Benj. F. Butler.

To Brig.-Gen. Phelps.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1862.

Correspondents will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 48 Beekman street, New York."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 48 Beekman street, New York."

Strange Omission.—We have received a letter enclosing Four Dollars, in which the writer asks us to send him for examination the anti-slavery tracts advertised in The Standard of July 19, and inquires if we will send our paper for $1.50 to a club of six persons. He does not tell us how to appropriate the money he sends, and his letter neither gives us the name of the writer or of the place where he lives. The postmark, moreover, is utterly illegible, and we are thus left without any clue to the writer. He is probably a subscriber to The Standard, and the money enclosed is probably intended to pay his subscription for two years. We publish this notice, hoping that it may meet his eye and lead to a disclosure of his name and place of residence.

THE ABOLITIONISTS AND THE WAR.

It is melancholy to contemplate how hard it has always been for the Abolitionists to please the pro-slavery press and public. That they have been to blame for all the excesses of the slaveholders for the last thirty years we all know. It is they that have changed the condition of the slaves from a mild and beneficent form of indolent servitude to one of hard and cruel toil enforced by new and curious inventions of torture. It is they that have forced the slaveholders to exchange their ancient friendship and fraternity for hatred and deadly enmity, and compelled the war which now searches our homes for victims as it has all along seized upon our substance for its support. And now they are accused of trying to hinder enlistments and to baffle the efforts of the nation to suppress the rebellion and to vindicate its right to live. The New York *Times* has been demonstrating mathematically that there is no difference between Wendell Phillips and Vallandigham of Ohio, and Mr. Wickliffe of Kentucky is of opinion that the rope that hangs Jefferson Davis and his associates should be balanced by an equivalent weight of Abolitionists at the other end. And these howlings are reëchoed by "Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart, the little dogs and all" of the pro-slavery Democratic, Belleverett and Republican packs of editors and politicians.

We showed several weeks ago what extent the head and front of our offending had in the occasioning of the present dreadful condition of the country. We had told the nation what it was about. We had warned the people that a continuance in evil-doing would bring down upon them the inevitable penalty which attends on the violation of Divine laws. We had exhorted them to flee from the wrath sure to come, and pointed out the narrow way of righteousness and the straight gate of justice, by which they could yet make good their escape. We did not ordain the eternal laws which made the peaceable coexistence of liberty and slavery an impossibility. We only stated and expounded them. We did not forge and launch the bolts of Divine Justice which now inflame the air and rock the land; we merely declared the moral and philosophical necessity of their purs us, smiting the battlements of the national edifice of our pride, and perhaps of shattering it in heaps over our heads. And yet we are blamed for the misery that exists and the ruin that impends, because we foresaw and announced it! But it is the fate of prophets in all ages, and we accept our doom with our mission.

So it has been as to the conduct of the war. Viewing its beginning and progress from our impartial stand-point, having no favorites among politicians or Generals, free from all personal or partisan bias, we have criticized the way in which it has been carried on, not in the spirit of opposition to the government, but of coöperation with it. As we could not avert the war, the nation refusing to listen to our words, we have done the best we could to make it effectual for the regeneration of the nation. We have shown from the beginning the only way in which the war could be waged even for the most vulgar and material success. We have demonstrated that attempts to destroy the Effect and leave the Cause untouched would be futile and mischievous, only prolonging the war, if they did not bring it to a disastrous and disgraceful issue. We have shown that success in such endeavors, were it possible, would only leave the last end of the nation worse than the first, and deliver it up to the tormenting of seven devils instead of one. Since the war became an unavoidable necessity, the Abolitionists have earnestly wished it the truest success, the only successful issue possible to it, and have done the best they could to strengthen the hands of the government and to enlighten the minds of the people as to the only strength sufficient for their day. We have told them that no success is possible against these rebels excepting by striking from under them the staff on which they lean, and turning their allies into our friends. In a word, we have told the nation that the Union and Constitution cannot be restored and maintained as long as slavery is permitted to exist under them, and that a war carried on with the design of protecting and perpetuating slavery is only a vain waste of blood and treasure, and not only so, but is one impossible of successful military results. We have never desired nor endeavored to hinder the progress of the war. Our heart's desire has been that it should be carried on in the spirit, and by the means, which alone could make victory and peace possible.

And after a year of defeat and mortifying reverses, taking the average of the military events of the last fifteen months, the country and the government are beginning slowly to come round to our way of thinking. The public sentiment of the nation has been gradually ripening into this opinion, and it has begun to be crystalized into law by the Act of Congress. The President has signed this law authorizing him to employ slaves as he may see fit, guaranteeing to them their freedom, though he has not yet announced his intentions in an authentic and authoritative manner either to the slaves or to his Generals. Still the force of the changing opinion of the nation, or the plainest military necessities of the case, has materially altered the conduct of the commanding Generals. Gen. Halleck has taken pains to have the least offensive construction possible put upon his Order No. 3. Gen. Curtis has set free hundreds of slaves belonging to rebel leaders. Gen. McClellan has informed the slaves he employs that they shall not be compelled to return to slavery; and it is even said (though this lacks confirmation) that rebel slave-catchers are no longer the welcome guests of Gen. Buell. Influential men and bodies of men, with no pretence of motives of justice and humanity, are entreating the President to take the only measure effectual for the crushing of the rebellion and the ending of the war. It is becoming daily more and more clear to all observers that the alternative presented to and pressed upon the nation is, Emancipation or Recognition. Only the concealed traitors, who secretly wish for the success of the enemy, endeavor to darken counsel and to hinder the only means of national triumph. It has taken a long year, and a year full of public and private calamity, to educate the opinion of the nation up to this point. It may take yet another year of disaster and two hundred thousand more lives before it will be ready for the fulness of the remedy for our mischiefs. But we hope for better things.

This year of suffering is surely as light a penalty as this nation could expect to endure for its seventy-five years of guilty subserviency to slavery. And much more than this will it have to bear, even if it have *stamina* enough to pass safely through this crisis of its constitution. This delay and all its attendant miseries have been the unavoidable consequence of the deteriorating and debilitating effects of its long subjection to the influences of the Slave Power. This has deadened the spirit and lowered the pride of the people in a deplorable degree. Even now the President and his civil and military officers seem to feel as if they were the insurgents and the rebels their lawful masters. They have carried on the war as slaves in insurrection might do who wished to leave open a gate of mercy, so that, if conquered, they might be beaten with few stripes instead of many. Of a war so conducted there can be no end, or, rather, there can be but one end, and that is, defeat. The six-hundred thousand men just called for and fast coming will be as ineffectual for victory as the seventy-five thousand first levied, if handled on the principles of the last year. One necessary result of the time-serving politics of the last thirty years and more has been to make the production of great statesmen or great Generals impossible, on the side of the North. Submission to dictation, compromises to shun the consequences of guilt, inventions to put off the evil day until the next generation, concession to aggression disguised under forms of patriotism and even of magnanimity, these courses, which all ambitious Northern politicians have had to pursue or not be politicians at all, have reared a race utterly unequal to our exigencies. On the other hand, this very training has bred up the slaveholding leaders in all the habits of command, of organization and of action, which have given them, thus far, the mastership of the general situation. When our government see, as we believe it is beginning to do, that there is but one measure that can save it from disgrace and the country from ruin, when the Generals perceive, as there is some reason to think they may do, that this measure only can deliver them from discomfiture and defeat, we have faith enough in the selfishness of human nature to expect that it will be adopted. According to the fullness of that adoption and the wisdom with which freedom shall be substituted everywhere for slavery as the corner-stone of our institutions, will be the greatness and glory of our future. The Abolitionists have not been backward in their endeavors to bring about the action which shall make the war successful in the largest sense. And that those endeavors have not been wholly fruitless we can read in these very outcries of those who secretly love slavery more than the Union and the Constitution of which they prate so much.

TRAITORS AND THEIR TRICKS.

The presses in sympathy with the traitors of the South (see Pro-Slavery department on the first page) are now filling the air with denunciations of the Abolitionists, falsely charging them with seeking to discourage enlistments, and thereby rendering themselves liable to imprisonment under the following order from the War Department:

War Department, Friday, Aug. 8, 1862.

Ordered—*First:* That all United States Marshals and Superintendents, or Chiefs of Police, of any town, city, or district be, and they are hereby, authorized and directed to arrest and imprison any person or persons who may be engaged by act, speech, or writing, in discouraging volunteer enlistments, or in any way giving aid and comfort to the enemy, or in any other disloyal practice against the United States.

Second: That an immediate report be made to Major L. C. Turner, Judge-Advocate, in order that such persons may be tried before a military commission.

Third: The expenses of such arrest and imprisonment will be certified to the Chief Clerk of the War Department for settlement and payment.

This order was plainly designed to defeat the machinations of Northern sympathizers with secession, who are known to be, in many places, in secret conspiracy against the government. It was issued, we believe, as a military necessity, in the interest of liberty imperilled by treason, and should therefore command the assent of all good citizens. The attempt, by persons and presses whose loyalty is merely simulated in order the more effectually to give aid and comfort to rebels, to awaken popular indignation against Abolitionists, in view of this order, is as preposterous as it is malicious, and we have no fears that it can succeed to any considerable extent. A military officer, under a mistaken view of his duty, and misled by the falsehoods of wicked men, may lay his hands on an Abolitionist here or there whose indiscretion has given an enemy plausible ground for charging him with disloyalty; but we presume that the government will in good faith seek to do justice in such cases, and not visit upon the friends of the country and of liberty the punishment due only to their enemies.

For ourselves, it is hardly necessary to say that, so far from wishing to discourage enlistments, or to criticise the government in such a spirit and manner as to "give aid and comfort to the enemy," we exult in view of the zeal and promptness with which the people of the North are answering the call of the government for more troops; and we hope, by our criticism of the past and present policy of the war in the particulars in which we think it wrong, to stimulate the loyalty of the people and lead the Administration to the adoption of measures that cannot fail to crush the rebellion and save the country. The order from the War Department, therefore, places us under no constraint save that previously imposed upon us by our own judgment and common sense.

Mr. D. Plumb, a well-known Abolitionist of this city, of the firm of D. Plumb & Co., of No. 240 Broadway, was arrested, a few days since, by Provost-Marshal Kennedy, upon the charge of using language calculated to discourage enlistments. One of the witnesses, Mr. Jesse P. Case, testifies that he came to the store of W. T. Darley, No. 42 Cortlandt street, and commenced a conversation with Mr. Darley upon the subject of the war; that during this conversation Mr. P. said that "Mr. Lincoln ought to be hung; that he would advise all his friends, if they were liable to draft, to leave the country and go to Canada." In case he was drafted he would resist until he was a dead man, and that he would not fight for the North until the war was conducted upon principles which accorded with his views, which views were that the negroes should be armed and drilled to fight.

If Mr. Plumb really said what is here attributed to him, he probably did so under the influence of feelings which led him to do injustice to his calmer convictions; but we presume that the witness is a pro-slavery man, and has not stated the facts fairly.

Mr. Plumb was allowed to put in his own affidavit as to what he said, and the case now awaits the decision of the Judge Advocate at Washington. We trust he will be speedily set at liberty.

A CARD FROM D. PLUMB.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

Sir: After having labored for thirty years, since my majority, by public speech, by the pen, and by example, for the diffusion of morality, the promotion of public order, and the establishment of society and government on the basis of righteousness, involving the freedom of all men, and their full and equal protection beneath the shield of law, I find myself, for the first time in my life, held by the government under which I live to answer a charge of disloyalty to that government. Under these circumstances I beg the privilege of stating to the public, through your columns, "the head and front of my offending."

The conversation referred to in the statement of my accuser transpired in the most casual manner while attending in the office of my friend, Wm. T. Dawley, a few moments on business. How it started I do not remember; but the subject was the all-engrossing one of the war and the policy of the government. I took the ground that that policy, by being, for the most part, dictated by the slaveholding influence of the Border States, had wasted our armies, consumed a hundred of million of money, and protracted the contest through weary months without any definite and clear gains to the Union. And now that McClellan's army was shattered, Washington again threatened, and the invasion of Maryland feared as possible, if not probable, the government had called for another 300,000 volunteers, to be launched against the enemy under substantially the same policy as that which had heretofore proved so abortive. The Emancipation Act was unproclaimed, and substantially a dead letter, for want of such proclamation. Reports were coming home from the army that officers were tying up black men to trees, and ordering them whipped; that slaves had been employed at Memphis to do the drudgery of the army, and then turned over again to their rebel owners. Order No. 3 remained unrevoked, and regiments of blacks had been offered to Mr. Lincoln and rejected.

Now, this I felt and knew to be wrong, and my soul, constitutionally ardent, and made intensely so by a life-long sympathy with the slave, was moved to utter my stern disapproval of all this, and it seemed to me and I so stated, that it was wrong for the government to adopt methods to force men into the war, whose consciences would not let them fight on such a policy, and that they could not do otherwise than stand by their convictions; and whatever specific remarks were made in relation to enlistments or draft were intended only as illustrative of this principle. I said, let Mr. Lincoln strike at the cause of the rebellion, and that which furnishes it, at this moment, the sinews of war; let him speak the word of universal freedom, and send out his electric word, calling upon all the friends of the Union, the haters of the rebellion, black and white, bond and free, to rally for the final struggle for the national life, and no conscription would be required, but hundreds of thousands would spring to arms in every part of the land, as if summoned by the voice of God, who would blast the rebellion speedily and forever, and with it end the curse and crime of slavery, and thus lay the foundation of all-enduring peace.

This is my disloyalty; not that I love my country less than others, but rather that the intensity of my love urges me to call on the government to lay hold of all the elements of destruction which justice and the rights of war place within its power, and hurl them upon the bloody crest of this rebellion, and upon its still more bloody and infernal cause, and thus give us sudden and glorious victory, emancipation, and peace.
D. Plumb.

15th Ward Station-House, New York, Aug. 19, 1862.

AN ADDITIONAL NOTE FROM D. PLUMB.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

Sir: I should have stated in my card which appears in your paper of this date, that my case was before Superintendent Kennedy near a fortnight ago, when I appeared and explained the matter and was discharged, and yet more than a week afterward I was arrested for the same conversation. Again, I omitted another important fact having a legal bearing on the case, viz: The conversation complained of took place on the 5th of August, several days before the order from the War Department was promulgated under which the arrest was made. Therefore it is manifest that I should not be arrested under that order for words of prior date. But I may add that the words even then were not intended nor believed by me to be disloyal.
D. Plumb.

Fifteenth Ward Station, Aug. 20, 1862.

If Mr. Plumb states the case fairly—and we see no reason to doubt it—it strikes us that the Provost-Marshal has overstepped the line of duty in arresting him. That he will be speedily set at liberty we will not permit ourselves to doubt.

LETTER FROM WENDELL PHILLIPS TO THE TRIBUNE.

The following letter, which appeared in *The Tribune* of Wednesday, if it does not stop the mouths of the sneaking traitors who are clamoring for the writer's imprisonment, should at least put to shame some editors, heretofore accounted respectable, who have lent a too ready ear to the malignant falsehoods of papers whose sympathy with treason is but very thinly disguised.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

Sir: You misrepresent me when you say that I "discourage enlistments in the Union armies"; though, for aught I know, the garbled extracts and lying versions of New York papers may make me do that and many other things of which I never thought. You know, by experience, that the American press, in general, neither tries or means to speak truth about Abolitionists of any type.

I have never discouraged enlistments. In the Union army are my kindred and sons of my dearest friends. Others rest in fresh and honorable graves. No one of these ever heard a word from me to discourage his enlisting. I had the honor, last March, to address the Fourteenth Massachusetts at Fort Albany, and, this very week, the Thirty-third Massachusetts at Camp Cameron. No man in either regiment heard anything from my lips to discourage his wholesouled service of the Union.

Allow me to state my own position. From 1843 to 1861 I was a disunionist and sought to break this Union, convinced that disunion was the only righteous path and the best one for the white man and the black. I sought disunion, not through conspiracy and violence, but by means which the Constitution itself warranted and protected. I rejoice in those efforts. They were wise and useful. Sumter changed the whole question. After that peace and justice both forbade disunion. I now believe three things:

1st. The destruction of slavery is inevitable, whichever section conquers in this struggle;

2d. There never can be peace or Union till slavery is destroyed;

3d. There never can be peace till one government rules from the Gulf to the Lakes; and having wronged the negro for two centuries, we owe him the preservation of the Union to guard his transition from slavery to freedom and make it short, easy and perfect.

Believing these three things, I accept Webster's sentiment, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." Gladly would I serve that Union, giving it musket, sword, voice, pen—the best I have. But the Union, which has for twenty-five years barred me from its highest privileges by demanding an oath to a pro-slavery Constitution, still shuts that door in my face: and this Administration clings to a policy which, I think, makes every life now lost in Virginia and every dollar now spent there, utter waste. I cannot conscientiously support such a Union and Administration. But there is room for honest difference of opinion. Others can support it. To such I say, Go, give to the Union your best blood, your heartiest support.

Is there, then, no place left for me? Yes. I believe in the Union. But government and the Union are one thing. This *Administration* is quite another. Whether this Administration will ever pilot us through our troubles I have serious doubts: that it never will unless it changes its present policy, I am quite certain. Where, then, is my place under a Republican government which only reflects and executes public opinion? I believe in getting through this war by the machinery of regular government, not by any Cromwell stalking into the Senate Chamber or the White House? Where, then, is my post—specially under an Administration that avowedly sits waiting, begging to be told what to do? I must educate, arouse and mature a public opinion that shall compel the Administration to adopt and support it in pursuing the policy I can aid. This I do by frankly and candidly criticizing its present policy, civil and military. However "inapt and objectionable" you may think my "means," they are exactly described in your own words: "The good citizen may owe his government counsel, entreaty, admonition to abandon a mistaken policy as well as force to sustain it in the discharge of its great responsibilities." No Administration can demand of a citizen to sacrifice his *conscience:* and the limits within which he is bound to sacrifice his *opinion* are soon reached. If the press had not systematically eulogized a General whom none knew and few really trusted, we should have saved twelve months, five hundred million of dollars, and a hundred thousand lives. In my opinion, had *The Tribune* continued, last August, to do its duty, and demanded vigor of the government, you would have changed or controlled the Cabinet in another month, and saved us millions of dollars, thousands of lives and untold disgrace. Such criticism is always every thinking man's duty. War excuses no man from this duty: least of all now, when a change of public sentiment to lead the Administration to, and support it in, a new policy, is our only hope of saving the Union. The Union belongs to me as much as to Abraham Lincoln. What right has he or any official—our servants—to claim that I shall cease criticizing his mistakes when they are dragging the Union to ruin? I find grave faults in President Lincoln; but I do not believe he makes any such claim.

I said, on the 1st of August, that had I been in the Senate I should have refused the Administration a dollar or a man until it adopted a right policy. That I repeat. Had I been, in that way, a part of the government, I should have tried so to control its action. You were bound as a journalist, I think, to have impressed that duty on the Republican party which holds the Administration. Such a course is right and proper under free governments. But when Congress has decided, and under its authority, or by his own, the President demands soldiers, the hour for such effort or protest is gone. We have no right then to "discourage enlistments," as a means to change public opinion or to influence the Administration. Our remedy is different. If we cannot actively aid, we must submit to the penalty, and strive, meanwhile, to change that public thought which alone can alter the action of government.

That duty I try to do in my measure. My criticism is not, like that of the Boston *Courier* and its kindred, meant to paralyze the Administration, but to goad it to more activity and vigor, or to change the Cabinet. I claim of you, as a journalist of broad influence, that you resume the post which I think you deserted last summer, and hasten the ripening of that necessary public purpose by constant and fearless criticism of the whole policy of the Administration, civil and military, in order to avert years of war, to save thousands of lives, to guard the industry of the future from grinding taxes, to secure speedy and complete justice for the negro, and to put the Union beyond hazard.

Respectfully yours, Wendell Phillips.

August 16, 1862.

CELEBRATION OF WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.

A large and deeply interesting meeting, commemorative of West India Emancipation, was held in the Christian Chapel, at Red Rock, Columbia Co., N. Y., on Sunday, Aug. 3.

Elder David Ford of Canaan, a veteran of eighty-four years, made a brief opening address. He gave an interesting account of the workings of emancipation in this State. A magistrate at the time, he had himself assisted in the emancipation of several slaves. He had always felt that slaves were unjustly and cruelly held in bondage. He still felt so, and hoped the day of their deliverance might speedily come.

Aaron M. Powell then addressed the meeting. He said: We commemorate with rejoicing to-day the glorious event of the peaceable emancipation of eight hundred thousand slaves in the West India Islands. Always hitherto an interesting anniversary occasion, it was now more than ever pregnant with interest and instruction to us as Americans in the present condition of our affairs as connected with the slavery question. It had been widely promulgated, and continually reiterated by the pro-slavery press and the apologists for slavery, that emancipation had brought ruin upon the West India Islands. The reverse of this was true. The planters were actually bankrupt before the passage of the Emancipation Act. They had long been and were then beseeching Parliament for help. To this condition they were brought by the thriftless, expensive and ruinous system of slavery. It is said that God is never without witnesses in any generation. A few noble, conscientious men and women in England, cognizant of the baneful nature and results of slavery, began, and after years of earnest, religious sacrifice and toil, consummated the work of abolition. The West India planters resisted, as the slaveholders of the South resist every effort for the liberation of the slaves. Madness ruled with them. Persecution and martyrdom attended the labors of missionaries, and all who favored abolition in the Islands. The same murderous, rebellious spirit was manifested toward England that is now manifested in the South against the North. Born of slavery, it was identical in spirit, differing only in degree of power and efficiency. But a public sentiment had been created in England which demanded emancipation, and the Act was finally passed, accompanied with the peace-offering of compensation, not to the slaves, but to the rebellious, exasperated slaveholders. This is the blot upon an otherwise bright historical event. Clearly no compensation was due to those whose villanous conduct had brought pecuniary bankruptcy and demoralization upon themselves, and ruin, as far as possible, upon thousands of victims. But the masters received compensation, the outraged slaves none. It is surprising how almost universally the slave is left out of sight. Compensation is proposed in the event of an adjustment of our own difficulties by emancipation. But who proposes or thinks of compensation for the millions of the plundered victims of slavery? There is, there can be no just claim of property in man, and therefore no compensation. Apologists for slavery say: "What! would you abolish slavery and ruin the South?" The South, as usually spoken, means three hundred and fifty thousand slaveholders. Few care to think how the fortunes of the slave would be affected by emancipation. God sees a South of slaves as well as slaveholders.

The gratifying manner in which emancipation was received in the Islands was next shown; also the equally gratifying results witnessed since in the general improvement of the emancipated, and the increased prosperity of all classes, before so ruinously affected by slavery.

The wisdom and excellence of our demand for immediate, unconditional emancipation has its illustration in Antigua, and in the experience of the other Islands as well. The doctrine of gradualism, entertained by President Lincoln and others, is being revived among us. May the slaves and the nation be preserved from its baneful workings. It is not the method of God, nor the logic of impartial justice and right.

The enemies of liberty were continually recurring to the "horrors of St. Domingo," in connection with the question of abolishing slavery, and pointing to the bloody tragedy enacted upon that Island as the fruit of abolition. Never had misrepresentation been more gross and malicious. There, as elsewhere, in an experience of several years, emancipation proved most beneficent and satisfactory. With the cruel and diabolical attempt to again enslave the freed people of the Islands came the fierce contest for which its history will ever be memorable. The results of doing right are always peaceful and beneficent. Wrongdoing will as surely end in discord and disaster.

We, as a people, are to-day in the midst of sanguinary revolution. Almost a year and a half has the war been in progress. Many thousands of precious human lives have been murderously offered up as a sacrifice upon the bloody altar, hundreds of millions of treasure have been worse than wasted, and we are but just at the beginning.

Why does this anniversary find us in such distressed, unhappy circumstances? Plainly as the result of long continued, persistent violation of our own theories of just government, and the simplest precepts of Christian law. I read in your countenances more of anxious thought, perplexity and uncertainty of feeling as to the future before us than you realized a year or even three months ago. We are from month to month steadily drifting away from the landmark of peace, and its attendant happiness and prosperity. Why is this? And why is it to continue thus? Three quarters of a century of educated, constitutional reverence for slavery, as an institution, though cursed of God, as having rights sacred from our interference, culminates thus. Professing Christianity and reverence for God, as a *theory*, we have *practically* accepted atheistic politics, sworn loyalty to slavery, and are bankrupt in character. The crisis hour is here, but we are found, as a people, timid, halting and helpless, forgetting God in our time of need and peril, and are lying humiliated, bruised and bleeding under the heel of Kentucky. The President and many of the people are still making the vain and altogether wicked endeavor to maintain both slavery and the Union. My trust and hope is that they may never succeed in this. In view of this attitude of the Federal government toward slavery, under the altered conditions of a state of war, with full opportunity for its entire abolition, we may well tremble, and more than did Jefferson of old, in remembering that God is just.

Waiving for a moment the moral argument, it is a point too plain to be controverted that under the theory of constitutional protection due to slavery in a time of peace, by voluntary act of war, the rebels forfeited all such claim to protection for slavery, and that at the outset it was the duty of the President, as military head of the nation, to make the freedom of every slave in the land a positive, irrevocable fact. The experience of a year and a half demonstrates that the endeavor to maintain both slavery and the Union has served only to strengthen the rebellion.

In the midst of revolution, so important in its character as to involve the welfare not only of four million of slaves but the people of the entire continent and the world, the masses remain almost wholly unconscious of their own peril, and of the great demands of liberty upon every individual soul in this hour.

In the days of the "Fathers" the price of liberty was "eternal vigilance." The same price continues. If into this revolution the force of just ideas is not soon more largely infused, and we are not more vigilant, liberty will be lost for us all, and we shall speedily pass under the dominion of most absolute military despotism. The time has fully arrived for the people to assume the responsibility of direction and control in the affairs of the government. A very small minority, composed of Border State slave propagandists and "conservatives," the Confederate "picket-guard," now dictate the policy and management of the war. In the President's eye Kentucky is omnipotent—God is out of the view.

There is lately a disposition to *use* slaves and colored men as *laborers*—to use slaves indeed without any guaranty of freedom. To do this is the embodiment of selfishness, and through such means the salvation of the nation can never be, ought never to be secured. Until there is repentance, and righteousness is accepted as the basis of action, there will continue to be disaster.

After all the sacrifice of blood and treasure, these difficulties must and will be adjusted in the sphere of ideas and principles. It is in this sphere, whereof the army has always been small in numbers, that I call earnestly upon you all to volunteer and enlist, to do valiant service with the more effective weapon, the sword of the spirit.

Rev. Joel Gallup, too indisposed to speak at length, as he had intended, made a few remarks expressive of his abhorrence of slavery, and of his conviction that if the old Union could be restored it would become necessary to reënact the tragedy through which we are now passing. He alluded to emancipation in the West Indies, and hoped we might learn from it that it is always safe to do right.

Anna Rice Powell spoke of the value of the lesson of West India emancipation to us at this time, if heeded as it should be, and called the attention of the meeting to Mrs. L. M. Child's admirable tract, "*The Right Way the Safe Way.*" She said it illustrated the workings of emancipation, and answered the question now so frequently asked, "What would become of the slaves if emancipated?" We had abundant evidence that they had received the boon of freedom with becoming gratitude, and had proved themselves worthy of the confidence reposed in them by those who sought their deliverance. May we, upon whom rests the gravest of responsibilities in this trial hour, consecrate ourselves earnestly to the work of immediate, unconditional emancipation.

With the singing of a hymn the meeting closed.

MR. GARRISON AT WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

[Extract of a letter from a member of the Graduating Class.]

Mr. Garrison's address before the Adelphic Union of Williams College, during Commencement Week, was a complete success. Never before had a New England College been honored by the mild yet forcible eloquence of the great Apostle of American Liberty. The subject of his address was, "Our National Visitation." While denouncing in unmeasured terms the unmitigated treason of the rebellious States of the South, he also fearlessly and faithfully exposed the wicked complicity of the North in the support of that institution which today is working our ruin. His potent argument for the immediate emancipation of every American bondman was rendered impregnable by an appeal to the brilliant success of the West India experiment. For more than an hour the audience listened with fixed attention and with frequent marks of approval. Sentiments of the most radical nature—pure, unadulterated "Garrisonian Abolitionism"—met with a hearty response. The great majority of the assembly had never seen Mr. Garrison before, and of course were grievously disappointed. Expecting to find him a furious fellow, wielding deadly weapons of "infidelity and treason," they beheld a man with the countenance of a very apostle, kindled into an animated loveliness of expression by his truly philanthropic spirit. May his life be spared to dispel the darkness from other College halls, that our institutions of learning may exert a positive influence for down-trodden humanity everywhere.
F. H. S.

LETTER FROM WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Boston, August 14, 1862.

My Dear Sir: You enclose me the card of three persons, styling themselves "Directors of the Illinois Central Company," misquoting one of my speeches, and stating that *they do not know me.* I presume this is true. That I neither claimed their acquaintance, nor quoted their opinions, you will see by the copy of my speech which I enclose. Whether these persons agree or disagree with me in my estimate of Gen. McClellan as dilatory, and utterly unable to say yes and no, their card does not inform us. They carefully avoid giving any opinion on this the main point concerned. It is, however, of no consequence, as my statement rests on sufficient authority, fully as trustworthy, to say the least, as any they could furnish.

With thanks for your courtesy,

Truly yours, Wendell Phillips.

S. C. Clarke, Esq., Chicago.

Where to Look for Treason.—Foremost among the presses which are clamoring for the imprisonment of Abolitionists for alleged disloyalty is the Satanic *Herald* of this city, whose chief editorial writer was not long ago sent to Fort McHenry for treasonable acts and proclivities. As the rogue, with stolen goods in his pocket, cries "Stop thief!" so does *The Herald* seek to divert attention from its own traitorous sympathies and practices by lusty bawling against men whose loyalty is unimpeachable, but who, on account of their abolitionism, are objects of aversion to the designing and the ignorant. The real character and designs of *The Herald*, as understood at the South, are set forth in the following paragraph from the Richmond (Va.) *Whig* of Aug. 2.

"Yankee Editors.—Far be it from us to complain of the editors of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and the other thorough-going Yankee cities. Swine will wallow in filth, obscene birds will live on carrion. Perhaps some notice should be taken of Wallace of the N. Y. *Herald.* Wallace is a Virginian. Poor devil! he sold himself, body and soul, to Bennett, years ago, and must do his master's bidding. But, unprincipled Swiss as he is, Wallace's heart has all along been with the South. His editorials show this. In his worst diatribes against the rebels there may be detected an undercurrent of sarcasm, a devilish jeering at the North, and a dropping of inuendoes and suggestions well calculated to unsettle public opinion. His panegyrics upon Lincoln are rich in irony. His assaults upon the Abolitionists are evidently sincere. He knows they brought on the war, and he has seen, from the beginning, how that war will end. He is steadily working up the fiendish spirit of the mob against the authors of the war. Alas! what a day that will be when the infuriate mob is turned loose upon the Greeleys, the Bryants, the Raymonds, the Sumners, Wades, and Wilsons. *Bennett approves these machinations of Wallace, for Bennett always keeps an eye to the windward. He knows that the day of retribution will surely come, and is preparing for it. At least one newspaper office in New York will not be levelled.* It is Wallace, we think, who writes those Baltimore letters, in which such appalling statistics of the rebel armies are given. *Would to God we had the force in the field that Wallace gives us; not many months would elapse before we would give him a chance to hang out his Confederate flag.* Wallace has done the best he could for us, and we pass him by."

If the Administration wants to know where to look for treason, here is a clue which it would do well to follow up.

Our Washington Correspondence.

Washington, Aug. 18, 1862.

Gov. Wadsworth has done the best thing of his life within a week, in arresting the slave-catchers Allen and Wise, of this city. The character of these men is everywhere known, I believe. They make it a business *to catch slaves.* They, in former years, did a great business in that line. They cannot shake off their old notions upon the subject, and since the Act of Emancipation have been plying their trade briskly, pretending to get their authority from certain Commissioners, appointed by the Circuit Court of the District. At last they provoked the Military Governor of the District—Gen. Wadsworth—too much, and he ordered the scoundrels into the Old Capitol jail. The report of the Lieutenant who finally made the arrest—Lieut. W. S. Raymond—is a curious document. He says:

"On Saturday, between 6 and 7 o'clock, p.m., my attention was arrested by an unusual noise and a rush of people in the direction whence it came. I soon discovered it to proceed from a colored woman on the roof of a house on F street, between Third and Fourth streets East. On my arrival at the house there were hundreds of people assembling to witness the scene, as the woman continued to wring her hands and implore for mercy, declaring that she knew she would be killed if taken into their custody. A more heartrending scene I never witnessed—there stood Berry (the pretended master), calm and composed, near the hack No. 56, within which he had caged the father (an old man) and mother, and four or five children, waiting, with a 'hellish grin,' for 'Maria,' who was still upon the house top. By this time Wise had reached the top of the house, and was perched upon the ridge, alternately threatening and flattering the girl, to induce her to surrender. Meantime, she continued her manœuvering along the edge of the roof, almost equal to a squirrel, until the 'paw' of Wise seized her, and brought her down, and delivered her up to Berry, saying as he did so, 'Here, Mr. Berry, is your slave.' Berry took and urged her into the same cage as the rest, with an expression upon his countenance signifying 'all right.'

"Allen appeared to act as chief or superintendent of the whole matter. I inquired the cause of the excitement? Allen replied that it was nothing that concerned me. I also inquired by what authority they had arrested the girl? Allen said it was none of my business; that they were United States officers. I replied that *I*, too, was a United States officer, to which he said, 'I don't care if you are; you have no right to interfere with us.' I replied, 'all that I wish to know is, that you have a legal right to take them?' Allen answered, 'We will attend to that.'

"Wise was about to leave the negroes in the hands of Berry. As the carriage was about starting away, I said to Wise, 'Unless you accompany your trophies to the proper authorities, I will take possession of them myself.' After he saw that I was determined in the case, he concluded to accompany them.

"I saw no more of the parties until Monday last, when I saw Wise. He showed me a writ containing, I should think, twenty or more names, and said he had taken the negroes above mentioned before S. S. Phillips, one of the Commissioners. He said that Berry had a witness to prove the property, and that Berry took the negroes home with him on Saturday night. I told him I should report the case to headquarters, which I did the same day."

It was upon this report that Gen. Wadsworth ordered the officers into the military prison, from which they have not yet been released. Think of how such an act would have "fired the Southern heart" three years ago! I was afraid at first that the President would order the offenders released, but he did not. Give him great credit for that. Washington is getting to be a wholesome place to live in. I sometimes think wholesomer than New York and other of our great towns!

There is not much news this week. I mean, of course, the news that I write to you—that which one gets by taking a peep behind the curtain. I have reason to cling to the opinions expressed in my last letter, that the President is advancing on the slavery question. He has had interviews with several prominent anti-slavery men recently, interviews which he, the President, sought, and he has expressed himself in language calculated to give the impression that he is agitated upon the subject—that he is most earnestly considering it—and that he may yet come to take high ground upon the subject.

The daily newspapers have given you the interview between the President and the colored people here. This colonization scheme is an old idea of Mr. Lincoln's, except that part of it having reference to Central America. He is a wonderful man for sticking to his old ideas, and plans, and prejudices. One can see some of the speeches of his old campaigns in Illinois come out in recent speeches and acts of his. He meant very kindly by the colored men who came to see him (at his request)—no doubt of that. But he is mistaken, terribly mistaken, in supposing that we can colonize four million of colored people. The colonization scheme in Central America may be well enough, but as a system which is to be hitched on to emancipation, it will prove a failure. Mr. Eli Thayer has been here of late, and it has struck me that he has been pushing his emigration schemes with the President. The idea of building up a nation of colored men in Central America is not a bad one in many respects, and no one will object to it if it is not *forced* into a connection with emancipation.

The war news is not important—war *rumors* are. For it is rumored that McClellan is retreating down the Peninsula. I happen to know that a portion of his grand army is to-day at Acquia Creek—one division of it. But when that division came away perhaps the movement stopped. There has been a strange silence for a few days in the direction of the James River, and what it means is more than an outsider like myself can fathom. I hear, however, that Gen. Halleck is very anxious about the success of his plans for McClellan's army. It is rumored that the enemy have got below McClellan in very strong force. If so, he is in great danger.

The country is in greatest distress at this moment. Only give it security for another six weeks, and all is well. The rebels see their momentary advantage. The Charleston *Mercury* cries out for an immediate advance upon Washington. It admits that unless that advance is made *now*, it is too late. In a military point of view, the situation is brightening. But if the government would make use of slavery to put down the rebellion, it would end very quickly. Our nine months' men would not ever see a battle-field.

Cassius M. Clay has taken a bold position. Just returned from Russia as our Minister there, he comes back to Washington, sees the President, and announces at a public hall in this same city of Washington that he will not draw his sword for the protection of slavery. This was bold, if it was not prudent. And yet I hope and believe that Mr. Clay will yet have an opportunity to draw his sword for his country, and at the same time for the slave and the freedom of man.

Some of our most respectable journals seem to be drifting towards the most slavish despotism. *The Sunday Morning Chronicle* of this city, owned by Mr. Forney, has the following remarks, which will illustrate my statement:

"It is time, indeed, that some attention should be paid to this man, Phillips, for, while men far less guilty than he have been sent to prison, he appears to have been unnoticed by the authorities, and allowed a free rein to abuse the President, the Cabinet, General McClellan, and every loyal person whose opinions might differ from those he possessed. *That man who is not unconditionally a supporter of the government in its every act for the suppression of this unholy rebellion is a traitor*, and should he so regarded by every loyal man. There is greater respect due to your open secessionist, with sword in hand, ready to fight the Union soldier on a question of separation, than there is to a man *who cowardly attacks our Generals in the field*, and aids to create dissatisfaction among the friends of the government at the North."

What a monstrous doctrine! The man who criticises *any* act of the government *is a traitor!* He who says one word against McClellan is a traitor. He who says a word against Order No. 3 is a traitor! Now, the man who will utter such sickening stuff as that is not a patriot, but is probably a time-server, and a man who has his hands up to his elbows in the money-chest of the nation.
Avon.

A Success.—Mr. James S. Gibbons of this city lately contributed to *The Evening Post* a few stanzas of rhyme, entitled "We are coming, Father Abraham," but which he might have named "the voice of the three hundred thousand volunteers," lately called for by the President. The poem being an echo of the patriotic feelings of the loyal North, after being copied into scores of newspapers, has been set to music by a Boston composer and published by Ditson. It will soon be sung in all the camps.

Mr McKim's Address and Letter, in which he gave a report of his visit to Port Royal, and which have already appeared in these columns, have been published in a neat pamphlet by W. P. Hazard of Philadelphia. It may be had of Sinclair Toucy, 121 Nassau st., New York.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 18, 1862.

These are dark hours. Transpiring events have little to cheer. But darkness has its uses; and these are times when the stern logic which alone can convince us reveals its meaning. There is nothing in what is now of our sins. nothing that was not to be expected. happening; nothing discouraging in it, except to Neither is there anything discouraging in it, except to those who need encouragement. People who are on the wrong road or are indulging delusive hopes, or are cherishing false dependencies, should not be encouraged. Despondency, for them, is the state of mind most to be desired. It is a step in the right direction; a preparation for a confidence better grounded and more enduring.

Sag.

To prophesy "smooth things" is, to the natural mind, a pleasing task, and the ones who performs the same is sure to be acceptable to the people. As it was said in the days of Isaiah, so may it be truly said now: "This is a rebellious people, that will not hear the law of the Lord; which say to the Seers see not, and to the prophets prophesy not unto us right things *Speak* unto us smooth *things*." But as then, so now—woe unto the prophet who perverts the word of the Lord; and the prophet who delights to impose upon.

The Fourth of July will be a day of danger who must be used with caution. "All is not well; peace, peace; let your confidence in your rulers be implicit; let no distrust mar your repose in the ability of your Generals," will be the response from a prophet worthy of all honor. He will rebuked as a prophet worthy of all honor. He will rebuked as a prophet worthy of all honor. He will rebuked as

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

"YOU'LL TELL HER, WON'T YOU?"

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

"Another (soldier), shot through the lungs, clasped a locket to his breast and moved his lips till I put down my ear and listened for his last breath: "You'll tell her, won't you?" Tell who or where I could not ask, but the locket was the picture of one who might be wife, sweetheart or sister."—*Army Letter.*

YOU'LL tell her, won't you? Say to her I died
 As a brave soldier should,—true to the last.
She'll bear it better if a thought of pride
 Comes in to stay her, the first shock o'erpast!

You'll tell her, won't you? Show her how I lay
 Pressing the pictured lips I loved so well,
And how my last thoughts floated far away,
 To home and her, with love I could not tell.

You'll tell her, won't you?—not how hard it was
 To give up life,—life for her sake so dear;—
Nay, nay, not so! Say 'twas a noble cause,
 And I did die for it without a tear.

You'll tell her, won't you? She'll be glad to know
 Her soldier stood undaunted, true as steel,
His heart with her, his bosom to the foe,
 When the blow struck no human power could heal.

You'll tell her, won't you? Say too we shall meet
 In God's Hereafter, where our love shall grow
More holy for this parting and more sweet,
 And cleansed from every stain it knew below.

Fitchburg, Mass.

THE TIME HAS COME!

* * * WE have been anxious to restore the Union without meddling with the States. We have sought to reinstate the government by war, without destroying the autonomy of the States. This is as if a horologist, repairing a watch, should attempt to insert new wheels, and cleanse all its parts, without stopping its running. If it is to be cleansed, it must stop keeping time, and then, when repaired, be wound up anew, take its time from the chronometer, and start afresh. We must do the same by the Southern States. We cannot treat them as if they were in rebellion, and yet in full privilege. We must let them alone entirely, if we think it needful to keep sacred their State power. But, if we touch them at all, then we must disregard their State rights, enough at least to repair damages!

A surgeon has no right to volunteer an operation simply because his neighbor has a cancer within. But if he is called in and begins the operation, then his patient cannot direct it. The surgeon must cut where, and as much, as the patient's life and health demand.

War is God's surgeon for nations. Having put the sword to the cancer, the President must dismiss all scruples springing from false tenderness, and cut boldly in for life and health!

If, in the beginning, our government had assumed the doctrine, that when a State puts itself in open rebellion against the National government, it lost its rights, and subjected itself to as much violence and change as should be necessary to bring it back to duty, it would have saved seas of blood and realms of wealth. We needed a man who would have trod down rebellion just as a fireman would stamp on the costliest fabrics that were on fire. But Mr. Lincoln has been trying to put out a fire without wetting the house. The flames have run from room to room and filled the dwelling, while our cautious and prudent President has been profoundly studying how to put one drop of water in the very eye of each spark, without spattering a single drop besides!

A State in rebellion is like a man caught in crime. The State takes away a man's most sacred liberty *for the sake of preserving the principles of personal liberty in the whole community.*

The very principle of State Rights on this continent demands that the government should suspend the right in all cases of rebellion, until such times as the disobedient States shall consent to hold and use their rights, just as all the other obedient States do, subject to the welfare of the whole, and under a National government! This is not a violation of the principle of State Rights any more than the imprisonment of a robber is a violation of the principle of personal liberty. We mean to maintain that principle to all time. We see no way in which this continent shall be spanned with one government but by the union of local sovereignties. But in order to the very existence of such sovereign States in contiguity and prosperity, they must be held amenable to the law of the welfare of the National Whole!

As a general thing, it will be best to let the evils and disturbances which arise be settled by the action of local influences. It was thought surest and best to leave slavery—even when by its unanticipated and gigantic growth it had become a national evil, affecting every interest in every State in the Union, and keeping up, through the Federal government, a jar that shook the whole keel with every revolution of the wheel—to the States in which it existed. Before the war, this was the universal sentiment of all. When the war began, it was still the wish of all, and certainly it was our wish and effort. Had the government from the beginning been sagacious, decisive, and energetic in its policy, it might have been done. So large a part of the Southern people might have been saved from active rebellion as to have justified the government in not meddling with State Rights.

But, now, let any man read the Hon. George E. Badger's letter to Gov. Stanley, and then say if there is anything to be hoped from conciliation, patience, and a subsidence of Federal authority before State Rights! If so moderate and sober a man as Mr. Badger can say this of that least tainted of all the Southern States, what are we to hope for from the rest? There is but one choice—relinquish to them their independence and let them alone! or, by the whole power of the nation and the authority of the Federal government, suspend all State functions and resume State Rights into the hands of the government, until the misguided men shall be willing to exercise the local rights in consistency with the national welfare.

And this is our answer to those specious pleas, "To make war our first business, and settle policies afterwards." In this case policy is a part of war. It is policy that has kept our Generals striking with the sheath on their swords. It has been a false policy that shrank back from the life and health that were in Fremont's Proclamation in Missouri. It has been a confused and impracticable policy that has sent Buell a-crawling like a tortoise through dilatory months, where he should have flown like an eagle or marched like a man! It has been policy which has paralyzed a quarter of a million of men on the Potomac for a year. War cannot be flung like a bomb through the air. War *is* policy. The only question is, *what that policy shall be?*

Hitherto the government has undertaken to make war upon sovereign States so as to subdue the people without changing their political rights. We have had enough of such folly.

Now we ask a sane policy. If a State is in a condition to justify war, it will justify the total subversion of its civil economy. War is only government in arms. To enter a State with a Federal army, is to violate every principle of independency. Let us accept the fact. Let us proclaim it. Let us take advantage of it. Let us use that force and authority, so justly in conflict with rebellious States, to purge out of them whatever elements will make it dangerous for them to live in a national federation.

We have been made irresolute, indecisive, and weak by the President's attempt to unite impossibilities; to make war, and keep the peace; to strike hard, and not hurt; to invade sovereign States, and not meddle with their sovereignty; to put down rebellion, without touching its cause; to bring an infuriated people into enforced union with their enemies, and to leave all their causes of quarrels unsettled and vigorous, and yet hope for future concord.

The way to make war is to destroy slavery. The way to secure peace after war is to destroy slavery. If any have scruples about interfering with Southern rights, their scruples are too late. We have already done it. War is supreme interference. We have violated State sovereignty as much as it can be done. What State sovereignty is there under an imposed Military Governor intruded upon New Orleans, Nashville, and Newbern?

The only question is whether we will use that lawful intrusion for the ends of health and peace, or whether we will go on with a timid and fatuous policy, designed to roll over upon future times tenfold greater disturbances than those which we have suffered.

Is it not time for us to ponder the meaning of God's providences?

With what energy did men resist the anti-slavery discussion of the past thirty years! But it prevailed and covered the land. With what desperate energy did the North resist the legislation of 1850 and the infamous Fugitive Slave law! But it was in vain. With what fierce indignation did the whole whole North resist the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise! But it was broken up, and the Kansas volcano uncapped. Then came the fiery campaign between Fremont the Eagle, and Buchanan the Owl. In the days of him whom the Conservatives elected as safe and prudent, came secession. When it was threatened, we refused to believe that it would happen. We were all mistaken. We then refused to believe that there would be war. But it flamed abroad, and has filled half a hemisphere!

Thus far, the conservative North has been striving to conduct this war so as not to meddle with the so-called Southern right of slavery. But, in spite of every scruple, events have crowded men to the necessity of confiscation and emancipation. There is one more step. It is the last sublime step toward national safety and national Christian glory. It is IMMEDIATE AND UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION!

Ah, men of America! Patriots! Christians! Could you but cleanse your native land of the inconsistency with her own vital principles, and give her to coming times undiseased with slavery, bright with the immortal beauty of liberty, would it not be worth all treasures and all sufferings!

It may be done. Let every man in his place rise up and demand it! Each man's voice is but a breath. But let breath mingle with breath, and the current begin to move, as a storm marches, which, gathering force as it goes, moves the very deep, and shakes the land. Then, when the earthquake of war shall have been felt, and the great and stormy voice of the people, our rulers will peradventure hear the still small voice of God, speaking with irresistible authority—"Let my people go!"—and bow down, and obey!—*Henry Ward Beecher, in The Independent.*

THE PRESIDENT PUDDERING WITH COLONIZATION.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, July 14, 1862.

THIS afternoon the President of the United States gave audience to a Committee of colored men at the White House. They were introduced by the Rev. J. Mitchell, Commissioner of Emigration. E. M. Thomas, the Chairman, remarked that they were there by invitation to hear what the Executive had to say to them. Having all been seated, the President, after a few preliminary observations, informed them that a sum of money had been appropriated by Congress, and placed at his disposition for the purpose of aiding the colonization in some country of the people, or a portion of them, of African descent, thereby making it his duty, as it had for a long time been his inclination, to favor that cause; and why, he asked, should the people of your race be colonized, and where? Why should they leave this country? This is, perhaps, the first question for proper consideration. You and we are different races. We have between us a broader difference than exists between almost any other two races. Whether it is right or wrong I need not discuss, but this physical difference is a great disadvantage to us both, as I think your race suffer very greatly, many of them by living among us, while ours suffer from your presence. In a word we suffer on each side. If this is admitted, it affords a reason at least why we should be separated. You here are freemen, I suppose.

A VOICE—Yes, sir.

The PRESIDENT—Perhaps you have long been free, or all your lives. Your race are suffering, in my judgment, the greatest wrong inflicted on any people. But even when you cease to be slaves, you are yet far removed from being placed on an equality with the white race. You are cut off from many of the advantages which the other race enjoy. The aspiration of men is to enjoy equality with the best when free, but on this broad continent, not a single man of your race is made the equal of a single man of ours. Go where you are treated the best, and the ban is still upon you.

I do not propose to discuss this, but to present it as a fact with which we have to deal. I cannot alter it if I would. It is a fact, about which we all think and feel alike, I and you. We look to our condition, owing to the existence of the two races on this continent. I need not recount to you the effects upon white men, growing out of the institution of slavery. I believe in its general evil effects on the white race. See our present condition—the country engaged in war! our white men cutting one another's throats, none knowing how far it will extend; and then consider what we know to be the truth. But for your race among us there could not be war, although many men engaged on either side do not care for you one way or the other. Nevertheless, I repeat, without the institution of slavery and the colored race as a basis, the war could not have an existence.

It is better for us both, therefore, to be separated. I know that there are free men among you, who even if they could better their condition are not as much inclined to go out of the country as those, who, being slaves could obtain their freedom on this condition. I suppose one of the principal difficulties in the way of colonization is that the free colored man cannot see that his comfort would be advanced by it. You may believe you can live comfortably in Washington or elsewhere in the United States the remainder of your life, perhaps more so than you can in any foreign country, and hence you may come to the conclusion that you have nothing to do with the idea of going to a foreign country. This is (I speak in no unkind sense) an extremely selfish view of the case.

But you ought to do something to help those who are not so fortunate as yourselves. There is an unwillingness on the part of our people, harsh as it may be, for you free colored people to remain with us. Now, if you could give a start to white people, you would open a wide door for many to be made free. If we deal with those who are not free at the beginning, and whose intellects are clouded by slavery, we have very poor materials to start with. If intelligent colored men, such as are before me, would move in this matter, much might be accomplished. It is exceedingly important that we have men at the beginning capable of thinking as white men, and not those who have been systematically oppressed.

There is much to encourage you. For the sake of your race you should sacrifice something of your present comfort for the purpose of being as grand in that respect as the white people. It is a cheering thought throughout life that something can be done to ameliorate the condition of those who have been subject to the hard usage of the world. It is difficult to make a man miserable while he feels he is worthy of himself, and claims kindred to the great God who made him. In the American Revolutionary war sacrifices were made by men engaged in it; but they were cheered by the future. Gen. Washington himself endured greater physical hardships than if he had remained a British subject. Yet he was a happy man, because he was engaged in benefitting his race—something for the children of his neighbors, having none of his own.

The colony of Liberia has been in existence a long time. In a certain sense it is a success. The old President of Liberia, Roberts, has just been with me—the first time I ever saw him. He says they have within the bounds of that colony between 300,000 and 400,000 people, or more than in some of our old States, such as Rhode Island or Delaware, or in some of our newer States, and less than in some of our larger ones. They are all American colonists, or their descendants. Something less than 12,000 have been sent thither from this country. Many of the original settlers have died, yet, like people elsewhere, their offspring outnumber those deceased.

The question is if the colored people are persuaded to go anywhere, why not there? One reason for an unwillingness to do so is that some of you would rather remain within reach of the country of your nativity. I do not know how much attachment you may have toward our race. It does not strike me that you have the greatest reason to love them. But still you are attached to them at all events.

The place I am thinking about having for a colony is in Central America. It is nearer to us than Liberia—not much more than one-fourth as far as Liberia, and within seven days run by steamers. Unlike Liberia it is on a great line of travel—it is a highway. The country is a very excellent one for any people, and with great natural resources and advantages, and especially because of the similarity of climate with your native land—thus being suited to your physical condition.

The particular place I have in view is to be a great highway from the Atlantic or Carribean Sea to the Pacific Ocean, and this particular place has all the advantages for a colony. On both sides there are harbors, among the first in the world. Again, there is evidence of very rich coal mines. A certain amount of coal is valuable in any country, and there may be more than enough for the wants of the country. Why I attach so much importance to coal is, it will afford an opportunity to the inhabitants for immediate employment till they get ready to settle permanently in their homes.

If you take colonists where there is no good landing, there is a bad show; and so where there is nothing to cultivate, and of which to make a farm. But if something is started so that you can get your daily bread as soon as you reach there, it is a great advantage. Coal land is the best thing I know of with which to commence an enterprise.

To return, you have been talked to upon this subject, and told that a speculation is intended by gentlemen, who have an interest in the country, including the coal mines. We have been mistaken all our lives if we do not know whites as well as blacks look to their self-interest. Unless among those deficient of intellect, everybody you trade with makes something. You meet with these things here as elsewhere.

If such persons have what will be an advantage to them, the question is whether it cannot be made of advantage to you. You are intelligent, and know that success does not as much depend on external help as on self-reliance. Much, therefore, depends upon yourselves. As to the coal mines, I think I see the means available for your self-reliance.

I shall, if I get a sufficient number of you engaged, have provision made that you shall not be wronged. If you will engage in the enterprise, I will spend some of the money entrusted to me. I am not sure you will succeed. The government may lose the money, but we cannot succeed unless we try; but we think, with care, we can succeed.

The political affairs in Central America are not in quite as satisfactory condition as I wish. There are contending factions in that quarter; but it is true all the factions are agreed alike on the subject of colonization, and want it, and are more generous than we are here. To your colored race they have no objection. Besides, I would endeavor to have you made equals, and have the best assurance that you should be the equals of the best.

The practical thing I want to ascertain is whether I can get a number of able-bodied men, with their wives and children, who are willing to go, when I present evidence of encouragement and protection. Could I get a hundred tolerably intelligent men, with their wives and children, to "cut their own fodder," so to speak? Can I have fifty? If I could find twenty-five able-bodied men, with a mixture of women and children, good things in the family relation, I think I could make a successful commencement.

I want you to let me know whether this can be done or not. This is the practical part of my wish to see you. These are subjects of very great importance, worthy of a month's study, of a speech delivered in an hour. I ask you, then, to consider seriously, not pertaining to yourselves merely, nor for your race and ours, for the present time, but as one of the things, if successfully managed, for the good of mankind—not confined to the present generation, but as

"From age to age descends the lay
 To millions yet to be,
Till far its echoes roll away
 Into eternity."

The above is merely given as the substance of the President's remarks.

The Chairman of the delegation briefly replied that "they would hold a consultation and in a short time give an answer." The President said: "Take your full time—no hurry at all."

The delegation then withdrew.

COMMENT BY THE TRIBUNE.

With all deference to the President, we suggest that before our country begins the arduous, expensive task of exporting to some foreign shore Four Million of her loyal population, she should finish up the little job she has on hand by securing the exportation of some thousands of her leading traitors. We trust a change of air will be found decidedly conducive to their health and longevity before many months, and that they will realize the necessity and the urgency of the prescription. After they shall have been disposed of, we will think of the expediency of exporting Four Million of Unionists.

A NEW SCULPTOR.

BY MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

ONCE to my Fancy's hall a stranger came,
 Of mien unwonted
And its pale shapes of glory without shame
 Or speech confronted.

Fair was my hall—a gallery of gods
 Smoothly appointed;
With Nymphs and Satyrs from the dewy sods
 Freshly anointed.

Great Jove sat throned in state, with Hermes near,
 And fiery Bacchus;
Pallas and Pluto, and those powers of Fear
 Whose visions rack us.

Artemis wore her crescent free of stars,
 The hunt just scented;
Glad Aphrodite met the warrior Mars,
 The myriad-tented.

Rude was my visitant, of sturdy form,
 Draped in such clothing
As the world's great, whom luxury makes warm,
 Look on with loathing.

And yet, methought, his service-badge of soil
 With honor wearing;
And in his dexter hand, embossed with toil,
 A hammer bearing.

But while I waited till his eye should sink,
 O'ercome of beauty,
With heart impatience brimming to the brink
 Of courteous duty—

He smote my marbles many a murderous blow,
 His weapon poising;
I, in my wrath and wonderment of woe,
 No comment voicing.

"Come, sweep this rubbish from the workman's way,
 Wreck of past ages;
Afford me here a lump of harmless clay,
 Ye grooms and pages!"

Then, from that voidness of our mother Earth,
 A frame he builded
Of a new feature—with the power of birth
 Fashioned and welded.

It had a might mine eyes had never seen,
 A mien, a stature,
As if the centuries that rolled between
 Had greatened Nature.

It breathed, it moved; above Jove's classic sway
 A place was won it:
The rustic sculptor motioned; then "To-day"
 He wrote upon it.

"What man art thou?" I cried, "and what this wrong
 That thou hast wrought me?
My marbles lived on symmetry and song;
 Why hast thou brought me

"A form of all necessities that asks
 Nurture and feeding?
Not this the burthen of my maidhood's tasks,
 Nor my high breeding."

"Behold," he said, "Life's great impersonate,
 Nourished by labor!
Thy gods are gone with old-time faith and fate;
 Here is thy Neighbor."

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

CONTRABANDS IN THE SOUTHWEST.

Correspondence of The New York Times.

MEMPHIS, Wednesday, Aug. 6, 1862.

THIS afternoon I rode out to view the fortifications that are being constructed around the city. Of course any description of them would be impolitic, as it might find its way where it would be an *aid*, though I doubt if it would be a *comfort* to the enemy. It was about 11 o'clock in the forenoon when we rode along the line of the breastworks, and numerous gangs of contrabands, who were armed with the negroes' most appropriate weapon, *the shovel*, were leaving their works on the way to the mess-houses to get their dinners, for they quit work at 11 o'clock, begin again at three, and work until the sundown gun sends them all back to their camp, on the river bank, below Fort Pickering. Their shovels glistened in the sun, and so did their oily faces, as they chatted with each other, and guffawed and shuffled along to their dinners. "These fellows have done a great deal of work in the last three weeks." "All color companies, you see," said a jocular Colonel who rode by my side.

After dinner, in the camp of the Fifty-second Indiana Regiment, we mounted our horses again and rode down to the negro camp, which, as I said before, is located below Fort Pickering. It is on a strip of low alluvial land which extends along the foot of the clay cliffs, called the Chicksaw Bluffs. Their camp was composed of all kinds of contrivances to keep out sun and rain—cast-off tents of every description, board sheds and arbors made of boughs, a straggling group over which towered the gigantic cottonwoods and sycamores with which the shore was wooded.

The scene was a novel if not a picturesque one. We had selected this hour, just after noon, because they would all then be in camp, and we found them sprawled about on the ground in every direction. Many were asleep under the trees, some washing, some cooking, and one group "yah-yah"-ing boisterously over a game of marbles. Altogether, in this camp there were about six hundred. There were a few grizzly old "uncles," some tottering old "aunties," and quite a number of pickaninnies of every shade of darkness from buff to black, but seven-eighths of all in the camp were muscular fellows, who had been at work during the forenoon in the ditches. All told, there are about nine hundred at work on the fortifications. Very few of them have surnames, and there are so many Dicks and Bobs, and Georges and Harrys, that the officers who have charge of them are obliged to number and class them in gangs, and each one has a little paper ticket with his individual number and the number of his gang upon it.

This force of contrabands was mostly drawn from the neighboring plantations—many, however, were picked up wherever they were found straying about. A descriptive list is kept of all who are thus brought in, which tells the name of the master, and the time the negro has been at work. This is kept with a view of paying either the master or the negro for the negro's work, as the master may be found loyal or not. If the master is found to be a rebel, the negro is free, and gets the pay for his own labor. The price to be paid for their labor I have heard variously stated—by some at $10 per month and one ration a day, and by others at soldiers' pay.

As I rode along through the straggling camp, I stopped in front of a group.

"Well, boys, how do you like this work?"

"Oh, pretty well, sah."

"But what will you do when the work here is done?" I asked.

"Oh, we'll go war dey wants to build anoder fort, sah."

This last reply came from an ebony Hercules, who was engaged in washing a woolen shirt. He was a gigantic fellow with a very large foot and a very small head, the wool on which was plaited into small tails or cues all around his forehead. They were then drawn around horizontally, one after another, so as to form a kind of fillet, or head-band, that gave him a grotesque appearance.

"But after that?" said I, by way of a feeler.

"Dat jis wot we wants to know ourselves, massa; dat's wot's troublin'."

"Well," said I, "at all events you can go back to your master."

"Ise nebber goin' back to mastah, sah. I go git a gun, and go wid de Unions, and fight till somebody kill me first; but I nebber go back to mastah!"

This seemed to be the unchangeable determination of the whole of them, as it also was of the negroes who dug the Vicksburg ditch, to dig, fight, die, rather than return to their masters. In the case of the Vicksburg negroes, however, I have reason to suppose that many of them were compelled to go back to their masters. Just before the fleet withdrew from before Vicksburg, work on the canal was stopped, and some hundreds of the negroes who belonged on the plantations below Vicksburg were put on board of transports and sent back to their masters at the various plantations within fifty miles. As the transports were returning, however, after having delivered the negroes, they were fired into by a rebel battery on the Mississippi shore, and one of our soldiers killed and two or three wounded; after this, no more negroes were returned to their masters by our troops. More than half, however, of the negroes who had been at work on the canal were from above Vicksburg; these had somehow received the impression that they were to be taken on board the fleet whenever it should move, and in whatever direction; and when Com. Davis's flotilla prepared to leave the neck, several hundreds of them, anxious to cast their lot with and share the fortunes of the fleet, collected on the shore. Hour by hour, as the preparations progressed, their anxiety increased, as they saw no signs of a place or room for them, and great was their consternation when told that they were to be left to shift for themselves. Three days' rations were given them, and they were told that that would supply them until they could travel on foot back to their masters. As the flotilla moved slowly away, they grouped themselves moodily under the trees along the bank, to await whatever fate might befall them; a few, very few, were seen to move off into the woods, but before the fleet was out of sight numbers of the rebel soldiers from Vicksburg were discovered on the point, and doubtless before twelve hours the negroes were set to work to undo the work they had done, by filling up the ditch.

But to return to these Memphian negroes, I have to say in their favor that they work with more alacrity, and accomplish three times as much as the same number of contrabands did in the same time at Vicksburg. I did not discover the secret of it, but perhaps it is due to better management on the part of the officers who have them in charge.

SLAVERY AS IT IS—HORRIBLE DEPRAVITY.

From The Washington Republican.

AN officer of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Regiment, writing from Newbern, N. C., gives the following as one of his recent experiences; and we are assured that, so far as he is concerned, the utmost reliance can be placed in the narration:

OUTPOST PICKET, NEWBERN, N. C., July 30, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR: I believe I informed you in my last that we were detailed on outpost picket duty. The duty is certainly harder than if we were with our regiment, but then we have an opportunity of being of immense service to the poor runaway slaves, which more than compensates for the extra trouble.

Within the past three days I have had the pleasure of admitting to freedom no less than twenty-seven of that despised and persecuted race.

I had intended to have answered your last letter more fully, but for the last two days I have been questioning contrabands about slavery, and the stories they told me have so unsettled my mind, that I can scarcely think or write of anything else. I will give you one of the stories, and I wish you would tell me what you think of it. I am sometimes inclined to suppose that their stories are blacker than their skins.

There was one pretty yellow girl, about 15 years of age, passed over the ferry on Sunday night, who seemed very shy and afraid. She, with several other contrabands, passed on with the regiments to Newbern. Many of us noticed her melancholy appearance; but all were too busy working the ferry boat to speak to her.

Yesterday, two other contrabands came over, man and wife, and as they seemed tired, and said they had had nothing to eat since Sunday morning, I told them to sit down and I would get them something to eat. They readily accepted my invitation, and soon entered into conversation about their late master. In the course of conversation they inquired if I had seen a yellow girl, describing the one who passed over the previous night, and after a great amount of detail, which would be superfluous here, I learned the following history of her:

She was the daughter of her master, her mother being a rich man's slave, not twenty miles from where I now sit writing. She was brought up on the plantation of her father until about 14 years old, when the old planter, her father, began to think her old enough for use. She now carries the scars on her back where she was whipped before she would submit to her own father's lustful embraces. Day after day she went through the flogging, but at last her spirit, as well as the flesh, was broken. She could withstand the monster no longer. The master and father triumphed over his helpless victim, and after due course of time, she had a baby by her own father. This baby, a few days ago, was forcibly taken from its mother (when they heard the Yankees were coming) and sent into the country towards Goldsboro, thinking of course the mother would sooner sacrifice liberty than her child; but the woman had made up her mind that when the Yankees did come she would go with them, no matter what the consequence.

Well, the mother is here, the child is—she don't know where.

Now, can it be possible that human nature is so far depraved, or are these poor contrabands inventing these stories to excite our pity and sympathy and horror of the system of which they are the victims? I have heard of such instances before, but doubted it; but these contrabands declare it is a common occurrence here. This I am somewhat inclined to disbelieve, as I cannot think any society would tolerate such atrocity. That this poor child was a victim of her own father's lust, however, I have no doubt, but I do hope, for humanity's sake, such cases are rare.

If this filthy and disgusting practice is common among slaves, the sooner the whole system is abolished the better. This is, to my mind, the worst feature of slavery. However, it has stirred up in me a spirit of inquiry, and I shall not rest satisfied until I know more about it.

But here come some more contrabands. Farewell for the present. Yours truly, * * *

AN EGYPTIAN DINNER IN PARIS.

From Galignani.

THE dinner given to their Majesties by Said Pasha was served with truly Oriental magnificence. The Emperor, the Empress, the Viceroy, and his nephew Mustapha Pasha, took their seats round a table, or rather a large silver salver, richly chased and enamelled, on which covers of massive gold were placed for four persons.

At some metres distant a table of twenty-five covers was laid out for the ladies and officers of the household. The latter table was served in the French style, but the dishes were prepared in the Egyptian mode, and among them were two lambs roasted whole. The animals were purchased alive by the Viceroy's servants, and killed and cooked by them *à l'Egyptienne.* The two tables were placed in the room which contains the rich and curious collection of historical armor, purchased some time since by the Emperor, and intended by him to ornament the armory in the ancient Chateau of Pierrefonds. At the moment when the Emperor and Empress entered the room, they were presented with rich basins, and, in conformity with Egyptian custom, their Majesties allowed perfumed water to be poured on their hands. When the guests took their seats at table, the Viceroy's servants placed on the lap of each a napkin of extraordinary richness, the corners of them being embroidered with diamonds and fine pearls, to the extent of about six inches. Only one dish was served at a time, each person helping himself, and then, at a given signal, the dish disappeared, and was replaced by another, and this continued in succession until the time for the dessert. The servants then removed the silver salver from before the Viceroy and their Majesties, and replaced it by one of gold, on which were arranged four dessert covers, the plates, knives, and forks, being of gold enriched with diamonds, as were also the dishes, filled with the most magnificent fruit. After dinner the whole party retired to another room, where coffee was served in the Oriental style, in very small porcelain cups, standing on a foot, and having much the form of an egg cup, the whole of them enriched with diamonds. Long chibouks, ornamented with precious stones, were afterwards offered to the guests. The Prince Imperial, who had been present at the dinner but without partaking of it, gravely accepted one of them, and putting the end of the tube to his mouth, assumed the position of the other smokers, and sitting like them, cross-legged. The band of the Viceroy, which had come from Toulon for the purpose, played a number of their national airs during the dinner and it was remarked that many of them were grounded on the old marches of the French regiments who entered Egypt under the First Napoleon. The water placed on the table during the dinner had been brought from the Nile. Their Majesties several times expressed the satisfaction they felt at the entertainment, and, when they retired at ten o'clock, thanked the Viceroy most warmly.

PERSECUTION AT FORTRESS MONROE.

FORTRESS MONROE, Aug. 8, 1862.

To the Editors of The Independent.

HAVE you room for a few words about the sorrows and sufferings of the colored people in this Military District? Few of your readers have any idea of them.

Gen. Wool instituted a plan to provide labor for the "contrabands," and secure for them justice and protection. In spite, however, of his utmost efforts, his plans were thwarted, and their beneficial tendencies prevented, by the determined resistance of under-officials. His successor, Gen. Dix, has avowed his approval of the plans, and his determination to give them full effect; but the change of commanders has been taken advantage of by pro-slavery under-officers to renew the opposition, and hinder every good work undertaken for their benefit. Just now they have "come down in great wrath," and I hope it is because their "time is short."

About a week since, four soldiers went to the house of two colored men (father and son-in-law). Two of them seized a colored woman in the front yard, each in turn gratifying his brutal lusts, while the other stood guard with sword and pistol. The other two went to the house, one stopping at the door to stand guard. The other, after a desperate struggle, succeeded in ravishing a young woman in the house, in the presence of her father and grandfather. The father gave vent to his bitter anguish by an irrepressible groan, when the guard at the door rushed upon him, and struck him, and the one outside also came in and threatened his life. A neighboring white woman came in, and the brutes, after abusing her with the vilest language, left. The grandfather and girl came to us and told the sad story of their wrongs, and we laid it before Gen. Dix; but there were then some fifteen thousand soldiers at Newport News, where these came from, and the villains were not found.

Two days ago, while we were seated at dinner, a light-colored woman, almost frantic, rushed in, and besought us to save her husband from being carried violently away. A large number of others soon flocked to the office of the "Superintendent of Contrabands," with the same sad story and plea. A squad of cavalry from Newport News had come down to Hampton, and seized every able-bodied colored man they could find, bond or free, and carried them off, to send up to Gen. McClellan's army. Probably not far from one hundred were seized within five miles of Hampton. In doing this work, the soldiers plundered the shops and persons of their victims, and shot at some who did not promptly yield.

You may imagine the consternation that seized their helpless wives and families. Some of the women were well nigh frantic. I hope I may not soon witness another such scene.

The Superintendent of the "contrabands" and I laid the matter before Gen. Dix, who was as much surprised as we were. He immediately ordered a stop to the proceedings, and an investigation of the facts. The victims returned to their homes that night and the next day. The Quartermaster at Newport News said the soldiers had *made a mistake.* There is ground to suppose that the "mistake" was part of a plan to annoy and distress the people to the utmost extreme. If the men behind the curtain can conceal themselves from Gen. Dix's investigations, they may be safe. If they cannot, an example will probably be made of them. The violation of his authority is as manifest as the outrage upon the people.

These are but instances (among the more outrageous, it is true) of the injuries inflicted on this people. Not a day passes without some of them being plundered; and it is exceedingly difficult for them to get any redress, through all the forms that must be complied with and guarded as the passes are by their enemies. The general idea is that a colored man's word no white is bound to respect.

Yet there is progress. A Provost-Judge has been appointed partly for their benefit, and in an increasing number of instances they are obtaining redress. If some of the more outrageous cases can be ferreted out, minor ones will be more easily reached, and quiet be given to the people.

In the meantime, the Christians among them are praying fervently for the welfare of our government. They see that these outrages do not have the sanction of those in high authority, and that their hope is in the success of the Union armies. Their prayers for that success are sometimes very affecting. I often feel my own lukewarmness rebuked, as they plead for the President and the Generals of the armies, and every soldier. I have as much hope for the country from their prayers as from almost any other cause.

Yours truly, G. W.

LORDLY English, think it o'er,
 Cæsar's doing is all undone;
You have cannon on your shore,
 And free parliaments in London.

Princes, parks and merchants, homes,
 Tents for soldiers, ships for seamen,—
Aye, but ruins worse than Rome's
 In your pauper men and women.

—*Mrs. Browning.*

A CERTAIN lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude standing with his hand in his pocket. His friends and clients went to see it, and everybody exclaimed, "Oh, how like! it is the very picture of him!" An old farmer, however, dissented. "Don't you see," said he, "he has got his hand in his own pocket! 'Twould be as like again, if he had it in somebody else's."

THE TRUE HAPPINESS of man has its seat in the mind which God has breathed into us, in the enlargement of its powers, in the elevation of its sentiments, in the firmness and purity of its principles, in its ascent to its native heaven.—*Channing.*

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